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Things in General.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY in this year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred is likely to be celebrated with more than usual enthusiasm, not only by the Irish people themselves, but Britons everywhere. While all the colonies of the Empire have been drawing more closely to the parent isles, by reason of making the British campaign in South Africa their own, there has grown up a warmth of sympathy and a unity of sentiment which could not sweep over the mother lands without greatly affecting the emotional, sympathetic people of Ireland. Excepting, of course, the agitators and firebrands who left Ireland without doing it any harm by their departure, and settled in America without doing that country any good by their arrival, the Irish people as well as the Canadians, and Australians, and New Zealanders, and the British colonists of South Africa, are feeling more than ever before like members of one great family. In Ireland, as well as in the colonies, there have been exceptions to the rule, but they have been fewer in number, less influential at home, less offensive in Parliament and less quoted abroad, than heretofore. Soldiers from all parts of the Empire have fought side by side in South Africa, and a feeling of comradeship has grown up, more necessary to the peace of Ireland, where this feeling was somewhat lacking, than in Great Britain and the colonies, where the sense of the separateness of the Irish people was felt but little, if at all. Then, too, the magnificent valor exhibited by the Irish soldiers in South Africa has thrilled the world and proven that there are no braver defenders of the British flag than the sons of the Emerald Isle—and Ireland is by no means insensible to pride in her sons.

These are amongst the influences which are likely to make the celebration of St. Patrick's day unusually enthusiastic, but they are not the only ones. The Irish people are grateful for the appreciation the Queen has shown of the services of the Irish soldiers, evincing not only by her promised visit to Ireland, but by the order given for the wearing of the shamrock. Henceforth the wearing of this emblem will lose all suggestiveness of party fights, for the little sprig more than ever will carry with it memories of great deeds done for the Empire as well as for Ireland. The Irish flag, by order of the Lord Mayor of London, will float over the Mansion House, and we may be sure that wherever this flag floats—and it will probably be displayed the Empire over—every Irish eye seeing it will brighten with the thought that the old feud is nearer at an end than it ever was before.

The very fact that the colonies are now so influential in the Empire, though they have much less status in the Imperial Parliament than is possessed by Ireland, will do something towards bridging over the old chasm. In the near future, when the readjustment comes about which will give the colonies a voice in Imperial affairs while retaining the management of their own local concerns, Ireland will doubtless find a satisfactory solution to the position in which she now finds herself, of having considerable voice in Imperial affairs, but not sufficient voice in her own. Thus Ireland may find it more pleasant to travel with an enlarged company of nations like the British colonies than she does tied up close to one great island, which, unfortunately, she has considered her hereditary enemy. This seems to be a moment when we should cease discussing the rights and wrongs of these old feuds, in the hope that the whole British world will shortly discover itself to be absolutely at peace within itself and an irresistible phalanx as opposed to any other.

TALKING about St. Patrick's day reminds me of an incident which proves how dangerous it is for anyone to joke about a nationality, no matter if that nationality is composed of lovers of jokes, such as the Irish are. A friend of mine who did considerable after-dinner speaking, was asked to respond, late in the evening, to a toast at a St. Patrick's day banquet. Of course all the speeches had been of the usual eloquent sort, descriptive of the wrongs as well as the beauties of Ireland, of the famine as well as the plenty, and no pains had been spared to describe the great poets, statesmen, soldiers and sailors which Ireland had given to the Empire. In his speech my friend recalled all these things as being somewhat suggestive of a mutual admiration society. He admitted the unusual number of great men who had been born in Ireland, but suggested that the great trouble with the Irish people was that they did not average up, that, indeed, the best potato patch was not the one which produced a few big potatoes, but the one which, with a good yield, produced the fewest small ones. The joke was not a particularly good one perhaps, but it was sufficient to leave him without an invitation to any St. Patrick's day dinner which has occurred in that city since, and the occurrence must have been twelve or fifteen years ago.

ACCORDING to the daily papers, a fourteen-year-old boy, whose name and address need not be given, arrived in this city at the end of last week with the idea of joining the Strathcona Horse as bugler. The youngster had packed his school-bag with eatables, and with his savings bought a ticket for Toronto, where he was immediately nabbed by an officer acting under instructions from the runaway's parents. It is supposed that this lad's mind had been set inflamed by stories and pictures in the newspapers of boy buglers who had made themselves conspicuous in South Africa, that he felt that life would not be worth living unless he, too, trod the desert sands and tooted his little horn in front of a warlike host. Very likely this would-be bugler boy could neither "bugle" nor stand the hardships towards which he was making such haste, but he felt the fire of military ardor in his blood, and, like many older people, in the midst of his mental disturbance he was entirely reckless, even if the paths of glory led but to the grave.

A couple of questions are suggested by this episode: Is the military spirit of our people, young and old, being over-worked and unduly excited by our Parliament, politicians, pulpits, press, and other mediums of creating or controlling public opinion? The other question appeals to parents, and has to do with what to do with a fourteen-year-old boy when returned home after he had run away to be a bugler in South Africa.

It may be quite true that Canada had too little military spirit and was inclined, as a portion of the British Empire, to rest in scarcely self-respecting security beneath the flag she was paying altogether too little to uphold. The Dominion has done nothing more than its duty in the present crisis, and now that we can begin to see the much-desired

end, we should very properly ask ourselves whether we have done our duty as quietly and unostentatiously as possible, or whether we have not been guilty of producing a good deal of stage thunder in connection with the raising of the troops and the sending them forth as soldiers of the Queen.

All sorts and conditions of men have endeavored to make an advertisement of their loyalty, until the din of battle could be more plainly heard in some Canadian towns and cities than in South Africa itself. Unaccustomed to the spectacle of troops marching away to war, the most sincere and patriotic people have been figuratively swept off their feet by the excitement, and have talked much, and written much, tending towards making the whole country one seething mass of warlike material. In almost every home war songs, war pictures, war news, have taken precedence over everything else. Men on the farms and in the fields, in offices, stores, factories, street cars, railway trains, and everywhere else have talked war. Schoolboys have talked war and played war until they were all scouts and soldiers, buglers and troopers. The teachers have been quick to see that an impression could be made on the electrified material, and so the study of geography and history has been made to revolve around the war. At home the newspapers have been read aloud, and young and old have contributed their comments on the latest war specials, while pictures of battles and of generals, troopers and flags, have been pinned on every wall, and badges worn on every coat. In the pulpit references have been made to the justice of our cause, and prayers have been heard for the success of our arms. Politicians have almost torn one another's hair trying to prove they were the first to urge the sending of contingents, and newspapers have been so full of flaring headlines that there has scarcely been room for the despatches. Parliament has been turned into a bear garden, all over the war, and no matter how far we seek in this country of almost

taken to the war. These men practically ran away from home in a much more inglorious way than did the Western lad who wanted to be a bugler. While these helpless families have had to be taken care of, the public have, to a certain extent, forgiven the men who were heartless enough to desert those who were dependent upon them for bread, and a father, it would seem, might well forgive his boy for being unreasonable and for once disregarding duty and obedience to his parents. Furthermore, forgiveness will, no doubt, go further than a trouncing towards making a better boy of the runaway.

No doubt the youngster was thoroughly laughed at when he got home, and perhaps ridicule is more liable than anything else to cure a lad of fantastic notions. I remember, when a youngster, camping out in the woods in a tepee constructed of an old buffalo robe and a ragged horse-blanket. My companions and I stood the rain and the hunger, and the companionship which resulted from a couple of days of steady diet of dime novels and wearisome pretenses, but when two or three men happened along and sat down and laughed themselves sick at our make-believes. myself and companions were ready to crawl into the first ground-hog's hole we could find. It cured us. I never read another dime novel, nor again pretended to be a trapper, scout and Indian slayer.

It is doubtful if the would-be bugler will ever have any more taste for military life, for he has had a glance at himself while playing a very silly role, and that will probably be enough. Of course, if a boy is a born fool, nothing will cure him, but if ridicule and the humiliation of being caught doing an absolutely stupid thing are insufficient to turn his attention in other directions, a birch sprout or horse-whip would not only fail, but aggravate the disorder. The boy episode should at least suggest to the parents, school teachers and newspapers of this country that a silly disregard of home duties and

to do. They must go to maintain a reputation for respectability. I do not think the people in general are any better over there than here, but it is the custom. But my preference is for the States, and it is the ambition of all young men in Canada, I believe, to cross the line some time. Opportunities there are very few."

Rev. Mr. Wood is hardly correct when he says that "in Canada everybody goes to church," for there are quite a number of people who do not, but that is neither to their credit nor that of Canada, unless, as Mr. Wood would have the Cleveland people believe, if he was correctly reported, all Canadians are nothing but an outfit of Pharisees who use religion and church-going as a badge of respectability. No doubt many people, not only in Canada, but in the United States and in every other country, work the churches for all they are worth in order to obtain a political, moral, commercial or social status, but I for one have not become such a cynic as to believe that even the majority attend church for any such purpose. However, if people go to church because public sentiment makes it the "thing to do," it proves that public sentiment in Canada is a better article than the public sentiment of the United States, which does not have as high a standard of entertainment, if we call it nothing else. It is better to have church-going the "thing to do" than have the place of the church taken by the baseball match, the beer saloon, and uproarious excursions to all sorts of places where the morals of people are not benefited and their habits are apt to be made worse.

This phase of it, however, does not seem to have appealed to the pastor of the Bond street church, for the interviewer tells us that he does not think the people in general are any better in Canada than in Cleveland. This places Mr. Wood in a very peculiar position, for if people go to church for any old reason, it places them within the hearing of the preacher's voice, and the influence of the music and the prayers, which should benefit them. The preachers, including Rev. Morgan Wood, must, then, be poorly equipped if they cannot make the people better in Canada, where they go to church, than in Ohio, where the percentage of church-goers is smaller.

Rev. Mr. Wood appears also to have announced himself as preferring the States, even though the custom of going to church is not so general there as it is in Canada. Probably he prefers the cigars and the tailors, and if so, his reverence should at once take himself to the land, and the tobacco, and the garments, which please him best. Canada will not go out of business because he leaves and takes his sensational preaching with him.

One thing, however, which appears in the interview is especially offensive to Canadians, whether they go to church or not, and that is the statement that "it is the ambition of all young men in Canada to cross the line some time." It may have been Mr. Wood's notion that young Canadians wish to visit the United States; if so, we cannot take exception to it; but the inference is distinctly that our young men want to go across the line to reside, and the reason is given in the assertion, "opportunities there (in Canada) are very few." Opportunities for what? we would ask this gentleman, who appears to have belittled the country which has been able to provide him with an ample livelihood for some years. Opportunities to stay away from church? To run saloons and cigar-stands and tailor shops on Sunday? Or to make an honest livelihood? The opportunities for the last are as numerous in Canada as in the United States. There was a time when Yankeedom perhaps offered more prizes to the young men than were offered by Canada; this is not now the case. Many prominent railway men, engineers, salesmen, bookkeepers, manufacturers, miners and merchants have come from the United States here and are benefiting themselves, though none of them that I know of are addicted to belittling the country as Mr. Wood appears to have done. Why should not Canada offer as good opportunities as the United States? It has fewer people, it is true, but the competition is smaller and the expanse of country is as great. The resources of the United States in many regards are diminishing, while in Canada they are only being developed. The Canadian farmer is making as much money as the farmer of any State in the Union. The Canadian lumberman is better off than the lumberman of the United States. The miner of this country is only beginning to discover the margin of the gigantic ledges and deposits of gold, silver, iron, nickel, and coal. The big preachers of this country are probably making less money than the big preachers of the United States, because there are so few large centers of population, but they manage to subsist, and once in a while we import a Yankee preacher like Rev. Morgan Wood to fill a church which has been used to sensationalism, but the experiment has not resulted so favorably as to make its repetition popular. There is nobody keeping Mr. Wood from going to Cleveland, unless it be the officers of his own church. He might at least depart from us without giving us any back talk.

EV. WILFRID LAURIER's brilliant speech in the House of Commons on Tuesday night, in reply to Mr. Bourassa, will live in history as one of the most eloquent orations ever delivered by a Canadian. It was applauded by both political parties, and so great was the effect that even our local Conservative dailies have praised it without stint. His concluding words, quoted below, may we not hope will end the controversy in our Parliament with regard to the sending of the contingents to South Africa: "To-day there are men in South Africa representing the two branches of the Canadian family, fighting side by side for the honor of Canada. Already some of them have fallen, giving to the country the last full measure of devotion. Their remains have been laid in the same grave, there to remain to the end of time in that last fraternal embrace. Can we not hope, I ask my hon. friend himself, that in that grave shall be buried the last vestiges of our former antagonism. If such shall be the result, if we can indulge that hope, if we can believe that in that grave shall be buried contentions, the sending of the contingent would be the greatest service ever rendered to Canada since Confederation."

ON Wednesday the British Empire League, for many years known in Canada as the Imperial Federation League, had its annual meeting in the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. Few who were not members of the League in its earlier days will remember how, until less than a score years ago, it was ridiculed by the majority of the newspapers and politicians alike. Quietly it has kept at its



BOUNCER, POUNCER AND MIGGS.

ILLIMITABLE distances, we hear and see ample evidences that the people are thoroughly stirred up and can be excited almost to hysterics by the news of victory. The pot has not only boiled, but it is threatening to boil over, and we might with prudence and without any fear of having our loyalty suspected, consider the question of whether it is necessary to put any more fuel on the fire.

We may cease adding fuel to the flame of public excitement without for a moment abating our interest in the results, or without withholding, if necessary, further contributions in men and money to the British force. A further increase of excitement or the maintaining of the present high tension is certain to do more harm than good. Excess in anything brings about reaction, and too high a tension is apt to unsettle the minds of those who should, with the greatest earnestness, be devoting themselves to the tasks connected with the monotonous but necessary duties of civil life. I do not believe there is any sensible Canadian who desires the public opinion of this country to grow into a resemblance of the insufferable braggadocio and offensive swagger which war has created in the United States. One cannot but feel regret that it is already the fashion of super-loyalists to denounce all those who desire to take a business-like view of the situation, and to maintain a dignified and tolerant attitude towards those who do not share the opinion held by the majority of Canadians. We must not forget that we have undertaken responsibilities and assumed burdens to which, until this war began, we were strangers. We have done our duty for the moment, but our duty to the Empire has not ceased, and will not cease even with the surrender of the South African republics. The responsibilities we have assumed will never disappear nor become less grave; therefore, let us discuss all these matters quietly, and not wait until out of breath with the race we have been running and hoarse from shouting, we are overcome with a desire to drop the subject and let things go on as they were before. We cannot go back to the old standpoint; events will force us on; and now is the time to face the whole subject, while we are still full of enthusiasm, rather than wait until we are so weary of it all that the mere mention of the topic will make an audience disappear or a reader drop his newspaper into the fire.

Bearing in mind this overwrought condition of the public mind, what should be a parent's attitude towards a runaway boy whose mind was filled with war stories and the very air he breathed surcharged with militarism? When the first contingent was being enrolled it was the desire of the Department of Militia that only single men and those without domestic dependents should be accepted. Nevertheless, men with helpless families managed, by denying the truth, to be

an hysterical and impracticable desire to go to the war are not commendable, but ridiculous. We all need forgiveness for some excess of warlike emotion or expression, and it might be just as well for us, when discussing the follies of others, to keep our good hard sense close to us, where it can be reached when needed.

FANCE seems to be unduly excited over the idea of Cronje being exiled to St. Helena. It takes very little to send Frenchmen into hysterics, or they would not be having a fit over the idea of the island tried by the "peerless Napoleon" being desecrated by having it made the place of exile of the unromantic and badly-attired Cronje. I suppose some of the hero-worshippers of France can still see in their mind's eye the figure of the great general with his right hand pushed under the breast of his coat—supposed to be the proper and copyrighted Napoleonic attitude—as he strode in his captivity along the cliffs of the "rocky isle," and they look with horror upon the idea of another military shadow strolling, with dusty shoes, baggy trousers, and unkempt beard, beside the military gentleman with high boots, white trousers and a cocked hat. They certainly would be an incongruous pair of ghosts, though it must be remembered that Cronje is not by any means a ghost, nor likely soon to become one. It is one of the peculiar features of the volatile nature of the Frenchman of to-day, that little reverence as he has for things sacred, and little belief as he possesses with regard to what is supernatural, the ghosts of his fancies and the heroes of his dreams must not be disturbed in their solitary grandeur, nor interfered with, by the English "pig." As he so heartily hates the "pig of an Englishman," one can begin to imagine his deadly dislike of the South African Boer, particularly when the latter is, without his consent, likely to be made to wander on the ground consecrated to the ghostly parade of the shade of the departed Napoleon.

EV. MORGAN WOOD, formerly of Detroit, and now of Bond street Congregational church here, has either got in the habit of being misquoted or ought to pack up his traps and go back to the United States. Some time ago he was reported as having said that one could not get decent cigars or a well-fitting suit of clothes in Toronto. It seems to me there was something else he could not get here to please his taste, and if my memory serves me right it was he who instructed those who carried around the plate to look hard at those who dropped nothing in the "slot." Last Sunday Rev. Mr. Wood preached in Plymouth church, Cleveland, and when interviewed the Cleveland Leader reports him as saying: "In Canada everybody goes to church. They go because it is the thing

work, and it must have been with pride and satisfaction that the members on Wednesday measured the vast distance over which public sentiment has advanced since the League was established in this country, until now public sentiment is almost more Imperial than that of the League itself. Of one thing the League should be especially proud, and that is that at no stage of its progress from infancy to strength did it ever permit itself to come in conflict with French-Canadian sentiment, or to engage in any argument which could possibly divide Canada into factions while endeavoring to draw closer the ties connecting Great Britain and her colonies. Some of our politicians might very well follow this policy to-day.

So many enquiries have come to Saturday Night as to where the pamphlet by Mr. William Robins, "The Truth About the Transvaal," could be procured. I am led to believe I must have been somewhat indefinite in the announcement last week. It can be had from Messrs. William Tyrrell & Co., booksellers, Toronto, or by addressing Secretary of the Soldiers of the Queen Relief Fund, Walkerville, Ont. Paper cover, 25c; limp cloth, 30c.

WAR Against War. This weekly screed, edited by W. T. Stead, seems to me to be the rankest newspaper offence against the national feelings of a country which has ever been published. It declares against the British cause as if the Imperial Government were a gang of robbers and assassins, and the Boers were an army of saints. To Editor Stead the British soldier is a hired cut-throat and the burgher is his pious victim. Such a publication in a time of war would be tolerated in no other country—not even in the United States, where before the third issue a mob would have looted the office and lynched the editor. Yet this offensive and self-righteous rag is issued in "intolerant, tyrannical England"! If Stead had been a burgher and had tried, during the war, the game of publishing a pro-English paper in Pretoria, he would have been gibbeted and the vultures would have picked his bones before the ink was dry on the first copy.

THE evening papers the other day told us that while the cells were being ventilated the Police Court got the benefit of some of the foul air from below. The sample of what the prisoners have to breathe, and had breathed for hours, was too strong for even the well-seasoned stomachs of those whose business it is to attend the court, and reporters, lawyers and spectators were alike sickened, and some of them driven out of the room, by the stench. The Police Magistrate is said to have "hustled through his short docket at express speed and vacated the bench in exactly eight minutes." If this picture is not over-drawn, what are we to think of the tortures of those not entirely brutalized who are confined for a night in such a dungeon? If the prisoners are not held to be worse than brutes they deserve better treatment, even though taxes are high and a change for the better might cost a few hundred dollars. The present pen is doubtless kept as well as circumstances will warrant, but its state is much worse than the public should permit.

WHY should there be so great a difference in the cost of maintaining the inmates of the various charitable institutions receiving aid from the city, as is shown in Relief Officer Taylor's recent report? Following is the record: House of Providence, 19 cents per capita per day; The Haven, 23 1-2 cents; Sunnyside Orphanage, 12 1-10 cents; Industrial Refuge, 37 cents; Good Shepherd, 10 cents; W.C.T.U. Shelter, 30 cents; S. A. Women's Shelter, 17 cents; Church Home, 27 1-3 cents; Home for Aged Women, 29 cents; Old Folks' Home, 26 1-2 cents; Children's Aid Society, 41 1-2 cents; St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society, 20 cents; Infants' Home, 25 cents; Protestant Orphans' Home, 14 cents; Boys' Home, 17 20-23 cents; Girls' Home, 18 2-5 cents; St. Nicholas Institute, 22 cents; Working Boys' Home, 27 1-4 cents; Home for Incurables, 36 3-4 cents; Hospital for Sick Children, 20 1-4 cents; Hyster Street Creche, 19 cents.

Of course it is well known that in Roman Catholic institutions, where ladies of religious orders give their services free, the cost of each inmate per diem is less than where hired help is employed. This, however, does not account for the great differences between various institutions, though it is significant in the case of the Children's Aid Society, which is 41 1-2 cents per day per capita, and the St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society, which is less than half, viz., 20 cents. Take another example. In the Protestant Orphans' Home, the cost is only 14 cents, much less than in similar institutions, both Catholic and Protestant. I am not criticizing, only asking for information. I do not know exactly what is provided in each case—neither does the average reader of Relief Officer Taylor's report—but I am sure an explanation would do good, and encourage the benevolent to aid the institutions which for the least cost of management does the most good to the sick and needy.

THE GLOBE is feeling good and at peace with mankind. Strangely enough, this beatific feeling of goodness and peace has been brought about, partially at least, by the war, which has sent its circulation up to sixty thousand or thereabouts. It deserves its success because of its enterprise and good temper, but it should not be carried away by the idea that the millennium is here, or may be expected on the next train. Indications that The Globe has forgotten some of the little differences which exist even in the peaceful province of Ontario, are to be found in an editorial in last Saturday's issue, dealing with religious teaching in Public schools. The belief that children are certain to pick up some kind of religious doctrine somehow and somewhere, outside of home, the church, and Sunday school, leads The Globe to assert that in view of the certainty of their acquiring "fugitive and grotesque religiousities by these outside means, it would seem folly to oppose their receiving a sane and wholesome authorized instruction in the schools."

Who, dear Globe, is to give the "sane and wholesome authorized instruction in the schools"? Teachers who are not professors of religion, who may not be even religiously inclined? If not, the teachers must be examined and licensed as religionists. By whom? Not by an ecclesiastical board, unless we intend to hand our Public schools over to the churches! By the Minister of Education? The idea of the Minister of Education, Hon. Mr. Harcourt, examining teachers as to the fundamental principles of Christianity, is funny, but not funnier than the spectacle of any politician going from a debate on ballot-stuffing to revise examination papers on the questions, for instance, of Baptism (sprinkling or immersion, infant or adult), or Conversion (instantaneous or gradual, supernatural or through the reason), or Verbal Inspiration, or church government, or indeed any religious point likely to rise in a school which took enough interest in the subject to make the study of it any more than a chilling and ruinous form.

Then again, how could anyone be sure that teachers not so deeply interested in some special church as to push forward its peculiar doctrines, would not, to use The Globe's own words, inculcate "fugitive and grotesque religiousities"? This, indeed, would be the case, for the teaching of religion is, of all things, apt to lead to vague theorizing if the teacher is unlearned except as to forms.

The Globe continues: "It is a fact fast coming to be recognized that in the great essentials the various Christian bodies are now at one. And it is these essentials which alone can furnish the child with a subsoil of spiritual and moral character sufficient to support his after life as man and citizen. In the opinion of a growing number, these essentials ought therefore to become a part of our Public school curriculum."

It may be that the religious denominations are growing

nearer together; but then it is often said that they are only becoming more alike as they become like nothing. The people may believe very much alike; I am satisfied they do; but the bishops, priests, pastors, preachers, elders, or whatever the denominational leaders call themselves, either do not agree or have material reasons for keeping apart and holding their flocks apart. As the leaders would be the ones to dictate the terms and arrange the "authorized" religion, we need hope for no agreement.

What are "essentials"? What denominations agree, or pretend to agree, on defined "essentials"? Two sects may agree on two "essentials" and not be on speaking terms regarding a third. Who is to say what is essential and what is not? Dare any teacher tell his pupils that baptism in some shape or form is not an "essential"? As no one can enter, as a member, an orthodox church without baptism, can the teacher properly tell his pupil that he can enter heaven without being baptized? No, for that would be a "religiosity," proving it to be harder to get into an earthly church organization than into Heaven itself. Then there is the great gulf fixed by ecclesiastics between Catholicism and Protestantism? Does The Globe imagine for a moment that the hierarchy would permit Catholics to be taught religion of any kind by Protestants? Certainly not. They will not permit the children of their church to be taught even arithmetic or geography, history or grammar, by Protestants if they can help it. The Globe may say that the Separate schools provide for this. No, they don't. There are, through the inability of scattered families of Catholics to create Separate schools for their children, more Roman Catholic pupils in Ontario Public schools than in the Separate schools. Religious teaching by Protestants in Public schools or the use of the Bible "as history, as literature, and as an adequate and authoritative moral code," as The Globe suggests, would drive these children out of the schools, and they would have a grievance which the Government would be asked to remove by special aid to the additional Separate schools which would be established.

Please, dear Globe, drop this subject. It frightens your friends to hear you splashing around in such deep and dangerous water. One doesn't know whether you are in swimming or out fishing.



SOCETY

Madame Robidoux, the wife of the Provincial Secretary from Quebec, has been in town for a few days, settling her two young daughters at the Abbey for their education, and advantage was taken of her visit by that charming little lady, Mrs. Stratton, to give some Toronto friends the pleasure of meeting the bright and clever visitor from the Lower Province. Telephone messages flew east and west, north and south, and in response quite the prettiest group of women I have seen together this season gathered about half-past five in the newly-decorated rooms of the Speaker, where Mrs. Stratton, in a smart gown of brocade, and assisted by the wives of the Premier and the Speaker, in her initial essay as hostess proved to every guest that she has nothing to learn of cordial kindness and the art of saying the right thing to the right person. Many engagements were put off, curtailed, or even broken by the ladies summoned to take tea in honor of the distinguished guest, and from a round of calls, an important meeting, a lecture, or another tea, they came trooping up to the Parliament Buildings. Madame Robidoux, all unprepared, as she asserted, for a peep into social doings during Lent, was most winning and bright in a dainty grey gown and bonnet, with her two young people and the Speaker's pretty daughter, Mademoiselle Eaventure, always near her, and each guest in turn enjoying a little chat in French or English. Everyone waited on everyone else, and a few of the guests were, beside the ladies above mentioned, Mrs. DuMoulin, Mrs. Janes, Mrs. Glackmeyer, Mrs. MacMahon, whose heavy cold still is in evidence, to the regret of everyone, Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Gilmore and Mrs. Totten, all en pension at the Queen's this winter; Mrs. Lister, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. W. D. Matthews; Mrs. Wallace, and Mrs. R. R. Hall, of Peterboro'; Mrs. John Kay, Mrs. Carveth, Mrs. John Taylor. A group which would be hard to excel for grace and beauty was seen when Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Magann, Mrs. Patterson, of Embro', Mrs. George Morang, Mrs. McCallum, of St. George street, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Armstrong Black and one or two other young matrons happened to block the way. Bright Mrs. Sheridan, and Mrs. Charles Catto, Mrs. Melvin-Jones and her sister, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth and Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere were all in very smart gowns, and Mrs. Wilkie's red frock, in that intense rosy shade so much the vogue, was very bright and pretty. "Jean Blewett," looking remarkably well, was also among the guests. The tea-table was beautifully decorated with a pink centerpiece, and many lovely roses and carnations in tall crystal vases. The color scheme was carried out in the various dainties which Webb's men served in profusion. The absence of the men was accounted for by the fact that rumors of a lively time in the House filtered in some mysterious manner to the ladies, and when Mrs. Stratton boldly ventured in just at leave-taking time, many merry enquiries were launched at him. An interruption to the gay chatter was the sound of the piano touched by an artist's hand, when Madame Robidoux consented to play for some of the guests. She returned to her home in Montreal this week.

Miss Cowan, of London, and Miss Klein, daughter of Judge Klein, of Walkerton, were the guests of honor at a thimble tea given by Miss Birdie Farmer, of Parkdale, to a number of young girls recently.

A brother of Leighton McCarthy, M.P., is one of the young Canadians now en route for the Transvaal.

The festivity which always marks the anniversary of Miss Melvin-Jones' birth is one of the brightest events of the Lenten time, and by reason of its falling in that quiet season takes the form of a large card party. Llawhaden then thrown open to a jolly party, mostly young people and young married friends of the hostess. Last Friday week, March 9, the usual good time was arranged for a jolly party, and the usual trio of cordial welcomes greeted them when they emerged from the dressing-room to find a tea tray and the cup that cheers awaiting them on the upper landing, and the fair girl whose "fête" it was ready to give them greeting before they went down to the more formal reception. Although several were prevented from being of this pleasant company from illness or even sadder contretemps, yet over seventy-five guests were speedily supplied with tally-cards and numbers, and soon found partners and places. The play resulted in a victory for Miss Evelyn Cox, whose prize was an exquisite little vase in a gold stand, while the tie for second was cut for and the prize given to Miss Maule. Dr. Dave Smith and Mr. Willie Crowther were the fortunate first and second among the men. After they were distributed supper was served at various tables in the billiard-room, dining-room and wide hall, from which all the rooms open so prettily, and the flowers and decorations were daintily done in pink. Many very smart gowns were worn, several brides of this and last season being among the guests. Two old friends and fellow-citizens of the host and hostess, Dr. and Mrs. Williams, of Winnipeg; Captain and Mrs. G. Capron Brooke, the bride very handsomely gowned in cream brocade; Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. James Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Irish, Dr. and Mrs. Carveth, Dr. and Miss Phemie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. Crowther, Mrs. Cattanach, handsomely gowned in white satin covered with some fine black lace, Mrs. George Dickson in an artistic and becoming brocade,

Mrs. Manning in a lovely dress, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mr. Springer, Major Robertson, Miss Harrison, Miss Wallbridge, Miss Elwood, Mr. Percy Maule, Mr. Hugo Ross, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mr. Harold Brooke, Mr. Storey, Mr. Harbottle, were some of the large number present. Mr. Melvin-Jones, although still a bit of an invalid, was untiring in his attention to everyone.

Mrs. Barwick has gone on a visit to friends in Ottawa. Mrs. Brown, of London, is the guest of Mrs. Edward Blake. Senator and Mrs. Cox, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cox are in Atlantic City for this month. Mr. and Miss Boomer have gone to Bermuda. Mrs. Pangman, of Montreal, is visiting Mrs. Buchanan, in St. George street. Miss Winnifred Warwick has an attack of typhoid. Mrs. Homer Dixon, of Walmer road, entertained Rev. Arthur Murphy while that earnest preacher conducted a mission at Canon Sweeny's church. Mr. Stewart Playfair left with the Strathcona Horse for South Africa. He will be much missed by his large circle of friends, who will welcome him back very soon, they hope. Mrs. Eade Chadwick is stopping at Lanmar.

Mrs. Retta Longstreet Long, whose lecture on Life in the South was to have taken place on March 9, was obliged to postpone the affair, and now intends to deliver the lecture on next Tuesday evening, March 20, in the Y.W.C.A., in Elm street.

Miss Charlotte Jarvis and Miss Culbertson, of Buffalo, are having a lovely visit with Miss Playfair and cheering her up after the departure of her brother. Two charming comforters as they are.

Rex Ardagh, of Barrie, and Percy Bailey, of Toronto, are two well-known young chaps who have gone this week to the war. Mr. S. Casey Wood is candidate for the presidency of the Varsity Literary Society. This is Mr. Wood's successful year, and he will probably win even this also.

The Queen's chocolate boxes arrived in Toronto this week bright and early, every man sending his box to some loved and loyal lady, or dear man chum. Some nice ostrich feathers are also finding their way here. By the way, the hat of hats for morning wear this spring will be a khaki hat with a natural colored brown ostrich feather. The khaki is so singularly unbecoming that only the most patriotic and devoted women can wear it. There are plenty of them!

A very pleasant euchre party on Thursday afternoon of last week was given by Mrs. Chadwick, of Lanmar, to a number of ladies, married and single. Mrs. Auguste Bolte won the prize. I wonder how many this pet of fortune has secured lately? Mrs. Grayson Smith and Mrs. Vaus Chadwick assisted the house party in receiving. The tea-table was done in scarlet, and the tallies patriotically embellished.

Lieutenant Guy Milton Kirkpatrick, son of the late Sir George Kirkpatrick, has gone out to Africa with the Strathcona Horse. He is a former graduate of R. M. C., King's, and passed an excellent examination there some years ago.

The postponed concert came off at Massey Hall last Monday, and a large audience was present. The charming cellist, Mlle. Ruegger, created an impression both by her playing and appearance. The audience included Miss Mowat and Prof. and Mrs. McLean, and a very bright and large party from Miss Veal's and St. Margaret's College, whose private car was the cynosure of all eyes when filled with these pretty young ladies.

Mrs. Fred Jarvis has Miss Hope Drake, of New York, on a visit, and on Monday gave a pleasant little tea in her honor.

Mrs. Allworth will be the guest of her mother, Mrs. R. C. Hamilton, of St. Mary street, and will receive with her next Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Janes give a dinner party next Friday evening. Lady Burton and Miss Burton give a small informal afternoon tea to-day at Oak Lodge. Miss Larratt Smith has gone to Bermuda. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Worts have gone to Florida.

Mrs. Forester has received some ostrich feathers and the Queen's chocolate box from Major Forester, and Mrs. Barker has also been likewise remembered by her gallant son, Captain "Bert." Doleful accounts of the wardrobe of these dapper officers, always noted for their trim and soldierly appearance, has roused what the Red Cross Society wants, a determined and busy lot of women to replace garments much tattered, but the only garb of our soldier boys in the Transvaal. The president of the Ladies' Branch has asked me to say that any parcels of comforts addressed and done up, will be forwarded from the City Hall in the bales packed by the ladies, free of charge, by the ship taking the Royal Leinster out in a week or so. And also, that hospital comforts, Union flannel shirts or piece flannel, socks, handkerchiefs, or toilet comforts may be sent and will be received with many thanks by the committee for transport.

The great anxiety felt by the family and friends of Lieutenant Wilkie at the lack of tidings, after the telegram announcing his illness, was allayed on Wednesday by a message from Lieutenant Jim Mason, who is also in hospital at Wynberg. Lieutenant Mason's message read: "Stuart slightly better. Severe sunstroke, recovery certain. Myself convalescent," all of which carried gladness to the hearts of the Toronto boys' friends.

Nowhere have the gallant men from Stanley Barracks been more signally missed than at Mrs. Janes' reception last Saturday. The last occasion on which the beautiful home in Carlton street was filled with smart people was on the afternoon of the patriotic musical, which was such a success. Then soldiers in uniform were all over the place, and their absence on Saturday appealed pathetically to everyone who cares for them. But there were plenty of jolly people, at all events, elated with the victories which seem jostling each other day by day, and already anticipating the time of their lives when their boys come home. The orchestra, playing brightly, on the landing, echoed merry laughter and jest from the drawing-room and dining-room, and from five to six a constant stream of guests kept the cordial hostess busy, assisted by Mr. Janes, the Misses Janes, Miss Quinlan and Miss Temple-Dixon in salon and tea-room. The tea-table was a thing of beauty, centered by a huge Benares vase on a circular tray of wrought brass, from which rose an immense pyramid of exquisite flowers, in crisp rosy and white colors, roses being the chosen flowers. On the cloth were laid great bouquets of violets, and the candlesticks were of brass, softly shaded in pink. As usual, many guests forgot the charms of the tea-room for the artistic treasures in the picture gallery, where noted beauties of old-time and of to-day, with pictures by very famous artists of animal life and landscape are always a delight. Again, as usual, the brides of the year were courted and made much of. Mrs. Rowbotham, Mrs. Burritt, Mrs. J. Strachan Johnson, Mrs. Tripp, Mrs. G. Capron Brooke, Mrs. Fred Somerville, Mrs. George Peters and Mrs. Sanford Evans being a party of young matrons with many friends.

Lord Minto, Colonel Peters, Colonels Delamere, Cosby, Mead, Clarence Denison and Bruce are patrons of the Foresters' generous entertainment in aid of the Patriotic Fund. This takes place in the Grand Opera House on the 27th and 28th, entirely guaranteed as to expenses, and the total receipts promised to the Fund.

Miss Mary Elwood is leaving next week for a visit to Mrs. Meron (nee Smart) in Baltimore.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Social and Personal.

THE play was the thing last week, and every night up to the very last appearance of Sothern and Virginia Harmed, the theater looked a picture, with bright and bonnie women in their evening frocks, and men showing acres of shirt-front. As is usual during a gala week of this sort, supper and early dinner parties were the rule, and about one o'clock on Saturday little groups of women might be seen gathering at McConkey's, and more or less patiently awaiting the arrival of matinee luncheon guests or men hosts. But the favorite reunion, when all the nights before one to get home, and no eyes note the clock's advance, is the theater supper. "Irving makes one hungry, doesn't he?" asked a guest. "I never am so ravenous, except on Sunday nights, as after one of these tragic performances." On Saturday a party of twelve attended the Sothern performance as the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Capon, and afterwards enjoyed a very delicious little supper at the beautiful home of this hospitable couple, in College street. Mrs. Capon is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Murray, of Montreal, and Miss Scott, of Guelph, who enjoyed this little affair in their honor. Among the party were Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell, Miss Hees, Mr. Harry Hees, Mr. Alan Sullivan, Mr. Coate, and Mr. Ross. Mrs. Capon's exquisite taste was evidenced in the scheme of decoration of the supper table, which was in green and white, with narcissi and ferns, and some exceedingly smart name cards in hand-painted vignettes.

The attention of all who passed along Gerrard street east on Saturday afternoon was attracted by the wreath of cycas palms, tied with white roses and royal purple ribbon, upon the door at the residence of the late W. S. Finch. The inscription upon the wreath was "At Rest, Mrs. W. S. Finch, March 10, 1900." Almost all who read, whether intimate friends or casual acquaintances, felt a pang of sorrow and regret that the dear little white-haired lady had gone out of their lives, for she was beloved by all who knew her. Mrs. Finch was one of the oldest residents of Toronto, having lived here since 1854, and was connected at various times with many philanthropic and charitable institutions in the capacity of president or treasurer. This made her well known among all classes

Miss Crerar recited it with great applause at Canadian Club concert this week.

"Bobs" has sent a much welcomed letter to the Royal Grenadiers in answer to their Christmas good wishes. By the way, the regiment is to lose a very valuable and devoted officer when Captain Stimson goes to Halifax as junior major in the Garrison. And I don't know what the girls and men will do when "Stimmy," as he is affectionately called, is wanted to join in, and often to provide a good time, for Major Stimson is quite one of the best hearted men about town I know.

Mrs. W. R. Riddell has gone to visit her mother in Cobourg. Mrs. Walter Cassells and the Misses Cassells leave for England next week. Miss Kerr, of Madison avenue, is in New York. Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, looking very well and bonnie in a pretty pale gray gown, Mrs. Goodwin Gibson, Mrs. Colvin Jones, in an exceptionally smart black silk gown, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. McCallum, Mrs. Coady.

The tenth annual At Home of the Presbyterian Ladies' College was held last evening at the college from 7:30 to 11:30 o'clock. The function occurred too late for notice until next week.

The distinguished career of Friedheim, the great Russian pianist, who is to give a farewell recital in Association Hall on Thursday next, 2nd instant, makes him an important factor in the best society. The presentation of a handsome pin, with crown set with diamonds, by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, is one of several high honors that have been conferred upon him. It may be expected that Toronto's most noted and cultured people will be present at the recital on Thursday next.

Captain Donald McLean Howard is an old Torontonian, who has gone to the Transvaal and who has seen a good deal of service in the North-West as Inspector of Mounted Police since he went up a few years since. Mrs. McLean Howard and her son, Rev. Scott Howard, went down to Ottawa to bid him good-bye.

One of the Monday teas was given by Mrs. Fleming, of Ruholm road, and was attended generally by west end friends. Mrs. Tom Delamere and Mrs. Grant Ridout were the presiding matrons in the tea-room, where Miss Hume, of Port Hope, Miss Eva Delamere and Miss Keefer also were in attendance, assisted by several gentlemen. Tulips, which are the flowers of the week it appears, as nearly every tea and dinner has had them for decoration, were the center of Mrs. Fleming's attractive tea-table. The hostess wore a becoming and smart gown of purple and white foil ard with corsage bouquet of violets.

On Monday evening a hurried departure sent another lot of fine fellows east to join the Strathcona party and sail away on the Monterey for South Africa. This company goes to fill places on the first contingent left vacant by death or illness. Mr. Sutton, from Stanley Barracks, has also gone on the Monterey and will be attached on his arrival at Cape Town. Mrs. Sutton will spend the spring with her parents, Judge and Madame Routhier, in Quebec. She is now the guest of Mrs. MacMahon for a few days.

On Monday evening Professor

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Just received from England, forty cases, containing—

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Card Tables
Clocks
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Clark, of Trinity, will lecture on Kingsley's Water Babies, in St. Peter's school-house, in aid of the expense fund of the Ladies' Parochial Association of St. Peter's Church.

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Miss Thompson

MAKING A MAN

BY JOE KERR.

In Five Parts.—Copyrighted.—Part IV.

CHAPTER VII.

The Escaped Convict.

John had not been at work above a month, and was just falling into settled ways once more, when something happened to upset us all again. A detective walked into the shop one day and arrested him as a State prison convict who had escaped from Columbus, O., a year before.

It was a stupid blunder, and a very annoying one, though in justice to the officer I must say that his description of the convict fitted John as if they were twin brothers. He was already locked up when I got word of the arrest. I went to police headquarters, but got no satisfaction. Upon interviewing the detective, and asserting that a mistake had been made, he replied:

"If that turns out to be the case he will soon be set at liberty."

That was poor consolation, but the best I could get, and I paid John a visit in his prison cell. I found him all upset over the affair, and I mentally thanked God there was no liquor within his reach.

"You know the charge against me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"If I have ever been in prison before it was as an innocent man."



I FOUND HIM ALL UPSET.

"And never in Columbus?"

"No, sir."

"I believe you. I believe it's all a mistake, and you mustn't take it too much to heart."

"I'm trying hard, sir, but it's a shameful thing to be locked up this way. What must you think of me? What must they think at the house?"

"We all think as I have told you. They have telegraphed to the prison for someone to come on and identify you, and it will be only a question of two or three days when you'll be set at liberty. I've locked up the shop and I'll go up and see Mary and tell her how things are."

"God bless you, sir. She may be so put out that she'll never want to see me again."

I started to go away, but John detained me. He was pale-faced and trembling, and I feared he was going to ask me for liquor. That wasn't his idea, though, for after fidgeting about for a minute he said:

"Suppose—suppose they should say I was the man they wanted?"

"But they can't."

"I may look like him."

"Suppose you do. If you are not the man that ends it. There will be a dozen ways to prove you are not the man."

Poor John! He had been buffeted

"And they say he's an escaped convict?"

"Yes."

"I'll never believe it about John, sir, nor will you."

"Of course we won't. I have his word that he's not the man, and that settles it. He won't be kept above two or three days."

After a little more talk Mary dried her eyes and felt comfortable. She left the house before I did, however, slipping quietly out, and next day I heard she went straight to the prison. She did not get to see him, but yet her manner satisfied me that she loved John and that all was understood between them.

In a couple of days a man came on from Columbus. The instant he set eyes on John he declared that a grave mistake had been made. That ought to have been enough, but it wasn't. The detectives had in some way learned that John had been a vagabond, and they insisted that, perchance, he must be guilty of some great offence. I will go as far as the next man to uphold the law, and I would not throw a straw in the way of the officers of justice, but there are things which fill me with wonder and indignation at the same time.

Here was a man who had been kicked about like a dog and had finally got to that point where he was ready to end his miserable existence. A hand had been held out to help him. It is an easy thing for a man to go downhill, but the climbing back is a different thing. He's got to have lots of stamina to resist the temptations and rehabilitate himself. The law, as interpreted by the police, seemed to be that because John had been down in the gutter he must have been guilty of something for which he ought to be punished. Officer after officer was brought in to look at him and see if he could identify him as "wanted" for this or that, and you can imagine John's feelings under this sort of a strain.

It was curious to witness the anxiety of the officers to recognize him, or to pretend to, and I really believe they would have finally trumped up some sort of a case against him had I not gone to police headquarters and kicked up a row. I threatened to employ a lawyer and sue out a writ of habeas corpus and then expose the stupid blundering of the detectives from first to last, and as the police well knew they had no case they suddenly decided to discharge John from custody.

I was told that he would be discharged at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I was at the station at that hour to congratulate him and accompany him to his boarding-house, but lo! and behold! he had been set at liberty at noon. Where had he gone? He had not come to me at the office. I soon ascertained that he had not been at his boarding-house. I went down to the shop, hoping to find him there. He had been there and gone. On his bench I found a note from him saying that he was going away and I should never see him again. He was over-sensitive, poor fellow, as most men would be under the circumstances. Though proven innocent, the vindictive action of the police had unnerved him and he was afraid to face us, and he had gone away. Where? And what would become of him? As I realized that I had all my work to do over again I cursed the police until, if cursing could have slaughtered them, not a man would have been left alive at sundown of that day.

I have seen the same thing happen over and over again. All men may be guilty who are sent to State prison, disgraced and degraded in his own sight, and he has disappeared, perhaps to commit suicide. I want him found." "What for?" "That I may save him, as I set out to do at first."

"Did you pick that old vagabond up expecting that he would ever stay sober for a week?" he asked.

"Certainly I did!" I hotly replied.

"He has been a sober, steady man for weeks, and would have continued so but for the infernal stupidity of your detectives. It looks to me as if you had done all you could to drive him back to vagabondage!"

"That will do," he loftily replied.

"No, it won't. I want him found."

"Then find him. We have nothing to do with him, except to arrest him for a vag if we come across him again."

"And you call this justice, do you?"

"My dear man, you are talking very foolishly," replied the Superintendent.

"Let me tell you plainly that you are a crank. You can't expect other people to see these things as you do. If you want to waste your time and money on an old bum, expecting he will ever be anything else, there is no law to prevent; but you can't expect

and tell the tale of his disgrace. If he mingles with respectable people he is pointed out; if he consorts with the disreputable he is put under espionage. Every effort is made to catch him tripping instead of encouraging him to obey the law, and the result is that nineteen out of every twenty convicts go back for a second term—forced back against their resolves.

CHAPTER VIII.

Which I relate How a Woman's Love Found the Right Trail.

I returned to John's boarding-house to tell Mary Clinton what had happened and to consult with her as to what should be done. She had been looking for John every minute since noon, and my bad news greatly upset her.

"See what they have done!" she exclaimed, as she broke down and wept. "It seems as if even the law was determined not to give him a show to reform. He's gone, and who can tell where?"

"That's what we must find out. I came to tell you that I shall spare no effort to find him, and that I shall begin the search at once."

"God bless you, sir, and I shall do all

us to hunt him up for you every time he goes on a drunk."

"You saw John, of course?"

"Yes."

"Did he look like an old bum?"

"All off the same piece, my dear fellow. If he wasn't in that line what made him disappear? Really, now, but he may have skipped because he was afraid we'd arrest him on some charge that would hold. Better save your sympathy and cash. Good-by."

Should I abandon John? No! I went out of the Superintendent's office more than ever determined to save him. He hadn't hurt my feelings any by calling me a crank. I had long ago admitted to John and the public that I was a crank. Indeed, we all have our "notions," and it's the fashion, because we don't exactly agree with some other fellow, to shout "crank" at us.

I went to a private detective agency in Fourteenth street and stated the case, and by night three detectives were on the hunt after John. After supper I went out myself and searched until midnight. I had just returned home when I received a telegram reading:

"Come up the Morgue at once! We have found your man!"

This message was signed by one of



I can do to aid you. Tell me what I can

such a shock that I had to make a tremendous effort to pull myself together and make a start. If John's dead body was lying in the Morgue, then he had committed suicide, as I feared he might, and this was the end of all my plans.

As I took the street car to go up to the city deadhouse on Twenty-sixth street I felt that sorry for Mary Clinton that I could not keep back my tears, and that indignation at Smith and his "law" that the tears grew redhot as they came.

A burly, big fellow—a typical tough—occupied the seat next to me, and I soon discovered that he was anxious to get away from me. As I started he put his heavy heel down on my toes, and he was quietly grinning his delight when I turned on him and said:

"Look here, man, if you make another move like that I'll kill you where you sit."

I must have looked dangerous to him, for he made no reply and soon changed his seat. When I reached the Morgue the detective who had sent the telegram was awaiting me.

"Very sorry, sir, that it should turn out this way," he said, "but, of course, it stops all further search."

"Where was he found?"

"He leaped off a wharf just below here about o'clock."

I went in and found the body lying on its back on a slab, with the clothing still dripping and the hair wet.

"The coroner was here, sir," said the detective, "and the inquest was adjourned until noon to-morrow. I suppose this ends the business as far as we are concerned?"

"Don't you worry, my boy," I said, as I took his hand. "As they say in the circus, after announcing the minstrel show, this performance is not yet half over. I may be a crank, but I am also a sticker."

"Of course not. This man is at least 50 years old, and it is evident to anyone that whisky has been the death

Cause Unknown.

Finally Found to Lie in the Coffin.

"We have had a curious and unpleasant experience with coffee drinking, husband and I. I have been a great sufferer for several years with indigestion and heart trouble, and did not know the cause of it until I finally came to the conclusion that it was the use of coffee. So we abandoned the coffee and took up Postum Cereal Food Coffee, which I had seen advertised in the daily papers.

"Certainly I did!" I hotly replied.

"He has been a sober, steady man for weeks, and would have continued so but for the infernal stupidity of your detectives. It looks to me as if you had done all you could to drive him back to vagabondage!"

"That will do," he loftily replied.

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"Then find him. We have nothing to

do with him, except to arrest him for

a vag if we come across him again."

"And you call this justice, do you?"

"My dear



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"Tiger Brand" clothing—When you supplement your kind words with your dollars we know you mothers really appreciate a stock like ours to pick your boys' clothing from—We sell most everything a boy needs.

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Stockings and so on.

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E. Boisseau & Co.

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lady, rather than take a bath
without the "Albert."

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It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and
fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely
pleasing.

Beware of imitations.
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can testify.

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microbes contained in the fat of which
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largely of vegetable substances and is
therefore free from microbes.

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of good health you will never
be without TINY TABLETS.

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on the same floor. Perfect Floor for Dancing.

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Confederation Building, 8 Richmond St. East.

The Treasure and Her Relatives.

"I AM finished with superior domestic servants, and I am now looking for a cook of the common or garden kind," said Mrs. Blank.

"My last cook was of the superior kind. Her name was Arabella Chrysanthemum Daisy Steubennath, and at the agency where I engaged her I learned that she was rather above domestic work. I called her Mary for short, and as she was neat and obliging, though very ordinary as a cook, I thought that she might do my work after a fashion. When I came downstairs for dinner the first night, and went out to see what Mary was getting on, she said, 'Oh, Mrs. Blank, that blouse of yours is just like one my sister-in-law bought last week, and I think it is awful stylish.'

"This fashion was not pleasing, but I overlooked it, and started to tell her how wanted the dinner prepared for service, when Mary interrupted with:

"Now that sounds natural. My mother always did like her meat undercooked. My sister likes hers burned all to a crisp, but Otto's wife takes after my mother."

"Two days later I wore a new gown, which I thought was about right, and which had cost enough to make it seem a bit extravagant. Mary looked me over carefully and then she cried, 'I am glad I saw that dress of yours. I got one something like it last summer, and I only wore it twice. Now, I'm just going to take it to the dressmaker's and have the skirt made like yours,' and the worst of it was that she did succeed in producing an imitation of my skirt. I couldn't do a thing that didn't remind that girl of some member of her family. If Otto's wife didn't have clothes just like mine she did her hair in the same way, and Mary's sister had so many of my little ways that Mary said she felt quite at home. You don't appreciate how that sort of comment wears on your nerves until you have experienced it. On the first night after Mary's arrival, when we gave a little dinner party, I wore a dinner dress cut low, and that was Mary's cue.

"My sister Stella always says I should look lovely in low neck," said she, "and I don't know why I don't try it some time. They ain't as expensive as high neck, anyway, and I think they look so stylish. Now Otto says—'but I fled without learning Otto's ideas on the subject. Mary answered the bell one day and brought me the cards of two women whom I knew very slightly, and whom I didn't want to know any better. Mary must have waited to see me greet them, for before they had gone down the steps after their call Mary came in and said:

"Mrs. Blank, you remind me so much of myself. I don't make friends easily, either. Now there are lots of girls at the dances make friends with every girl. I am like yourself, sort of distant like cold until I know a person real well."

"Mary's chief delight was dances, and she apparently knew every policeman in the district who could waltz.

"I shouldn't be surprised," she said to me, "if you could dance as well as I do. We are about of a size, and I know from your playing that you have a good ear for music."

"Whenever I began to give her directions about housework I suggested some of her many relatives, and try as I would I couldn't keep her pinned down to her work. I got to hate every one of her family, and finally I couldn't stand this superior young person any longer, so I discharged her yesterday, and I now want to engage an orphan if I can, with no relatives; some girl who has had no advantages outside of the kitchen, and I am going to warn her that the first reference she makes to my suggesting anybody she ever knew before will be equivalent to a discharge for her."

A Midnight Alarm.

There is No Cause for Alarm when That
Croupy Cough is Heard if You Have
Griffith's Menthol Liniment Handy. It
Relieves Croup in One Minute. You
Can Always Depend Upon It.

Mrs. Gillroy, 353 Johnston street, Kingston, says: "My little boy, aged 3, has been subject to croup during the winter seasons since his birth. We have had doctors' medicine and all other croup remedies for him, but nothing ever gave him such quick relief as Griffith's Menthol Liniment. It always seems to touch the spot at once. I have always found it superior to any other remedy for Croups and Colds. I believe a bottle should be kept in every home where there are children." All druggists, 25 and 75 cents.

The Untold.

"I DIDN'T tell you, did I, Mildred," said Mr. Civil to his wife, "that I saw your sister Jane downtown this day week?" "No, you didn't, Charles Augustus Civil," replied Mrs. Civil. "Why didn't you?"

"Well, you see—"

"Yes, I see. You meet the only sister I have in the world, and instead of coming straight home and telling me about it, as any respectable husband would have done, the same day, you keep the matter secret a whole week, and then ask, carelessly, if you have mentioned the fact that you saw her."

"But, my dear—"

"Don't but me, Charles Augustus Civil. I have no doubt that she sent me a message by you, and you not only failed to deliver it, but by this time you have forgotten what it was

about. Tell me if this isn't the case."

"My dear, it was this way—"

"Don't tell me it was that way, Charles Augustus Civil. I know exactly how it was. You simply didn't care a straw whether I knew that you had seen sister Jane or not, or you would not have waited a whole week to tell me you had seen her."

"But I didn't say I saw her," Mr. Civil said at length.

"Then I'd like to know what you did say, Charles Augustus Civil."

"I asked you if I told you that I saw her," explained Mr. Civil.

"Well, why didn't you tell me?"

"The reason I didn't tell you was because I didn't see her. That's all."

Mrs. Civil gasped and was speechless.—William Henry Siviter, in Harper's Bazaar.

Pains in the Back.

Frequently Due to Sluggish Liver or Kidney Troubles.

Mr. Frank Walters, of Exeter, Tells of Suffering and How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him After Other Medicines Failed.

From the Advocate, Exeter.

Mr. Frank Walters is a young man personally known to most of the residents of Exeter, where he has lived nearly all his life. Talking with the editor of the Advocate recently, Mr. Walters said: "In justice to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I think it my duty, in view of what they have done to me, to add my testimonial to the thousands of others that have been printed. For some months I suffered most severely from pains coursing up and down my back. It was thought that these pains were due to liver and kidney trouble, but whatever the cause they frequently left me in terrible agony. The pains were not always confined to the back, but would shift to other parts of the body. As a result I got little rest, my appetite became impaired, and I fell off greatly in weight. I tried different remedies suggested by friends, which having no effect almost disgusted me with medicine. Then a personal friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not easily persuaded because I had about concluded that medicine would not relieve me, but he insisted, and finally I decided to try them. I purchased one box at first, and to my astonishment before it was finished I was greatly relieved. Then I got a couple more boxes and these restored me to my former good health. I do not hesitate recommending this medicine that others may profit by my experience, and not suffer tortures as I did."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Unchanged.

A WELL-KNOWN poet tells a story of the first time he ran away from home. He had been deeply offended by something done in the household, and he decided to quit forever a place where he was so little appreciated.

Uncle Hiram surveyed the outfit suspiciously from where he sat on the farmhouse steps, waiting for dinner.

"Wa-al," he replied, slowly, "I dunno as I need any elixier of life or sure cure for consumption."

So he took a fast long look at the old place—looked at the barn, the pump, the chickens, the pig, the doorway, the path to the back gate. Every glance was a farewell. He wandered

out into the wide, wide world. That is to say, he went down the road. He walked until he came to a great and dark forest. There had been days when it had been merely Hanson's grove, and in easy walking distance from his home. But on this day it was weary leagues away, and he entered its sad shade with the feeling that he had renounced all joy.

Hours went by. Happier folk ate tea in their homes. The wanderer brooded alone, and saw the black night come along like a fierce anaconda and swallow everything. He heard the night silence. He had immeasurable thoughts, and had the painful delight of feeling himself grow old.

But as the world lay in silence better feelings came to him. He felt that he had been selfish in thinking only of his offence. How would they be able to live without him at home? Was it not his duty to step across the awful gulf that yawned between him and those he had once loved, and forgive them, and return to comfort them? With a generosity that almost staggered him, he left the gloom of the forest and returned along the wild paths of the world to the old familiar spot—which he had not laid eye upon for three mortal hours!

He entered his house. His father was reading, his mother sewing, his sister at her studies. No one looked up. No one spoke. His coming made no sensation. He had returned from the wilderness and no one was interested. His heart swelled to bursting with injured vanity, and just at the moment when tears appeared to be a necessity, the fat Maltese entered the room, and with more compassion than her betters, came and rubbed her length affectionately against the boy's legs.

He heaved a sigh—such a sigh as wayfarers know—and said, in a tone of solemn reminiscence:

"I see you have the same old gray cat!"—Youth's Companion.

Wifely Solitude.



Fond Wife—There, Sylvester, I've bundled you up as warm as I ken, but if you get the least bit chilly on way to village, jest run real smart for a few miles, and I guess you'll get het up again.—Bazaar.

A Careful Decision.

THE precise value of relationship in determining what degree of intimacy should prevail between strangers was recently determined "up country" by a decision of Uncle Hiram's, which has been printed in the New York World. A stranger stopped his buckboard before the gate and called out, "How be ye?"

Uncle Hiram surveyed the outfit suspiciously from where he sat on the farmhouse steps, waiting for dinner.

"I ain't no patent med'cine vender, I'm—" began the stranger.

"Ner lightnin'-rods ain't a fav'rite investment o' mine," broke in Uncle Hiram.

ABBEY'S MEDICAL TALKS

Brain Fag.

When impaired digestion prevents your system from obtaining proper nourishment from your food, and the brain is over-worked, nervous depression or brain fag is the result. To overcome it the system must be built up. Healthy digestion must be restored, so the body will get the full nutrition from your food.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price, 60 cts. per large bottle. Trial size, 25 cts.

THE CHIEF EXCELLENCE OF

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA

is its uniform quality and pleasing flavor. The sale is increasing daily, which proves the truth of the statement.

Lead packages.

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c.

I tell ye I'm—" again the stranger started to explain.

"And I've got all the books I want. Got more readin' than I ken 'tend ter since their encyclopedyer feller roped me in," added Uncle Hiram.

"I ain't no book agent," said the stranger. "I'm—"

"Nuther do I hold by patent plows, ner churns, ner win'mills, ner nothin'," interrupted Uncle Hiram.

"I ain't sellin' nothin'! I'm sorter a cousin o' yours," announced the stranger, with desperate rapidity.

"Ye be?" queried Uncle Hiram, doubtfully.

"I be," affirmed the stranger. "My maw's cousin, Amader Medderhead, married a uncle o' yours, Sile Harrower."

"Ya-as, I've hearn tell o' somethin' like that," acknowledged Uncle Hiram. "Wa-al, put yer hoss in the bawn; that's good enough for dinner, pur ye can't stay all night on it, mind ye."

Effects of Famine.

Nerve-Agony Consequent on a Dearth of Rich Blood.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the Only Remedy—They Supply the Want by Ensuring Rich Blood, thus Curing Nervous Headache.

Nervous headache is not a disease. It is the symptom, or indication of disease. It is a sign that the nerves are ill; that they are starving for food.

The food upon which the nerves subsist is pure, rich blood.

Pure, rich blood is made from whole food thoroughly digested.

The food is digested by the stomach, with the aid of



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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NO. 18.

The Drama.

THREE LITTLE LAMBS is a musical comedy of the New York Casino type, a type composed mainly of puns, light music and pretty girls. It was written by the authors of Jack and the Beanstalk, one of the most pleasing pieces of the kind we have seen here. Three Little Lambs is not as pretty, musically, as the former effort, but it contains a number of catchy airs nevertheless. The plot is as ridiculous as is consistent with a musical comedy. Three Little Thieves, which reminds me, by the way, of Erminie, the greatest Casino "hit" of them all, are the principal characters. They conceive the enterprising idea of possessing themselves of an estate, belonging, it happens, to a certain Mr. Hardwicke. It doesn't clearly appear how this gentleman got the estate, or what he is doing with it; but there is no doubt that the three thieves want it. They go about getting it with the aid of songs, dances, and funny business. When they fear being overheard, they stop singing words and merely articulate tra la la, la la la, which certainly imparts a great air of mystery to their movements. I do not remember what became of the estate, though I know it occasioned a tremendous amount of vocal exercise on the part of everybody concerned, directly or indirectly. As a matter of fact, I don't think anybody cared much about the property in question. There were other things to think about.

Raymond Hitchcock, Marie Cahill, and Edmund Lawrence, as the three disreputable characters, who occasion most of the fun, are a clever triplet. They are not extraordinary singers, by any means, but they have spontaneity, and that irresponsible gaiety that is so catching. The chorus was pretty and fresh-voiced, and the scenic accessories were all we have learned to expect from musical comedies.

That excellent drama of modern life, The Moth and the Flame, is the attraction at the Grand Opera House the latter half of this week. Saturday Night reviewed this play on its first presentation here, and gave it its thorough approval. The story is strong and real, and though intense, there is nothing of the cheaply sensational about it.

Al. G. Field's minstrels are proving a strong attraction at the Toronto Opera House this week. This organization has usually been seen here at high prices. The minstrel part of the performance is good. There is something traditional about a minstrel show which modern developments have tended to change. Field's minstrels cling to the old notions to a large extent and are all the more popular in consequence. In the second part of the performance, known in minstrel circles as the ohio, occurs one of the most original juggling turns that have been seen here in a long while. Everhart is the name of the gentleman in question, and he juggles with hoops. They obey him like dogs, performing all sorts of queer antics, and finally rolling into line and proceeding off the stage in Indian file.

The Behman show is filling a return engagement at Shea's this week. This is one of the strongest vaudeville programmes yet presented at the Yonge street theater. It closes with a mirror dance, which is one of the most beautiful spectacular effects yet devised.

High-class vaudeville will be climaxed in diversity by Hopkins' Trans-Oceanic Star Specialty Company, which is the attraction at Shea's Theater next week. Manager Fulgora has succeeded in securing Mlle. Marzella and her eight trained birds, which include cockatoos, parrots, macaws and ravens, for this season. They form the highest-priced European novelty in existence, and their unprecedented feats have never before been attempted. Other acts are those of the Three Quitanos, European pantomimists; Falke and Semon, musical artists; A. O. Duncan, ventriloquial comedian; Wills and Loretto, in the Tramp and Soubrette; Geo. C. Davis, mimic and monologist. Buoman and Adelle, in The Door Key; the Morello, in specialty and trick dog features; Anna Kenwick, champion coon singer and buck dancer.

Owen Davis, the author of Through the Breakers, the play in which Marie Wainwright appeared here earlier in the season, has written a new play and has deserted the field of romantic drama for that of musical comedy. His latest effort was written for two well-known players, John C. Rice, who will be remembered as the partner of George Monroe, of Aunt Bridget fame, and Miss Sally Cohen, known to almost every local theater-goer who has visited New York, as a permanent attraction in the theaters of the metropolis. The new piece has been named Over the Fence, and in it Mr. Rice and Miss Cohen have been appearing with great success for the last month in New York. The new comedy is to be presented at the Toronto Opera House for the first time next week. Mr. Rice and Miss Cohen are said to have an unusually strong support. The music was written by Ivan L. Davis, the popular composer, and the scenic effects are said to be elaborate. The piece runs all next week.

The following advertisement appeared recently in an Iowa paper: "Wanted—Some time this summer, a good, sober second-tenor trombone horn player, either slip or stationary; can get same job in a barber shop, if honest. Dwellers in boarding-houses who find the trombone on the next floor disturbing, might show this 'ad' to the landlady, with the request that it be brought to the musician's personal notice."

Paul Cazeneuve, a young actor who will be remembered as having played the role of D'Artagnan at the Toronto Opera House in the Three Musketeers two or three sea-

sons back, fell through a trap on the stage two weeks ago and was very severely injured. He was at the time the leading man of Under the Red Robe, playing at Freeport, Ill.

Erminie, the popular comic opera, last seen here at the Princess Theater when the Cummings Stock Company revived it, is still a strong attraction. Francis Wilson, the original Little Thief, the part taken here by Sol Solomon, is touring the Western States, and Erminie is proving the most successful feature of his repertoire.

The following are the newly-elected officers for the eleventh season of the Victoria Dramatic Club: Business manager, W. N. Norrie; stage manager, H. G. Wade; secretary, W. P. Woods (307 Dundas street); treasurer, Mr. Wood. Those who wish to join this club have still two weeks in which to do so. Rehearsals for two plays to be given immediately after Easter commence at once.

R. A. Barnet and E. W. Corliss, authors of Three Little Lambs and Jack and the Beanstalk, also, I understand, wrote 1492 and Excelsior Jr. Miss Fay Templeton created a furor in the latter extravaganza, and a story is told of a very youthful but persistent admirer throwing her a bunch of violets. Miss Templeton was singing "I Want You, Ma Honey," a coon song popular some four years ago. The violets arrived at the end of the second verse. Excelsior Jr. paused and, raising her monocle, stared flatly at the discomfited youth in the box. "James," said she, as the stage valet emerged from the wings with "Yes, me lud." Miss Templeton pointed to the violets and said in a very stern tone: "James, remove the debris." It probably did that young man the world of good.

The Sign of the Cross, Wilson Barrett's powerful play, will be presented at the Grand all next week.

A version of Quo Vadis, a play very similar to The Sign of the Cross, is being given at the Princess.

Madame Jarreau, who recited the Absent-Minded Beggar at Shea's last week, collected \$100.20 for the National Patriotic Fund.

Cultivating Corners and Angles.

YES, I know it; that's just what I'm doing, but I'm disgusted over the fact, all the same. You see I'm in the sere and yellow time of life, and, instead of fading into nondescript, amiable middle-age, I'm growing a crop of physical and mental corners and angles that make me shudder, and are going to take me—I don't know where. Of course it's what's generally expected of unmarried women, but who in the nineteenth century wants to walk with eyes wide open into the expected, when the fascinating unexpected is what one has always been hoping for? One would so much rather be round and mellow. My home, however, is a bad place for the cultivation of softness, for the person who endeavors to do so, generally is a mere ball to be knocked about for the convenience of the others. We're a family that is always wanting to make the other do something. Do we succeed? Well, not often. Our domestic atmosphere is unfavorable to the development of "softies." There isn't a fault that one of us has that we don't all know and talk of. One and all we detest angularities of character; they are so obviously hard to live with. One hasn't to be in the least amiable to find that out. But to return to myself (one always does, you know, whether one wants to or not), I really try to keep down these excrescences. Yes, I freely admit they are excrescences, and of the very kind I object to in my sisters. I really always want to be pleasant, except, of course, when I happen to feel cross, or blue, or disappointed; at any rate, no matter what I may be, I can truly say that is the underlying principle of my character, and I hope you will admit it to be a good one, but how much easier it is to act up to it abroad than at home. Anyone will understand that. I fancy I would be very different had my environment been clung by very agreeable people, but, really, I hardly ever stir away from home. In fact I'm just the sort of retiring woman who, they say, is becoming extinct. Of course people who say that don't often come to Blank, although I shouldn't wonder if we go on keeping our old habits and domestic traditions, we'll end in being hunted up as curiosities. How would you like the prospect of becoming a curiosity, just because you never did anything, or saw the world? Do you think you'd avoid getting angular if every time you did something you liked were told you were queer, especially when you had an absolute craving to be admired? Quite a common craving you will say. Well, what has the commonness of my sensations to do with their individual intensity? I want to be myself, and people, the very few who care at all, want me to be exactly like themselves. I can't see why, if all the world went crazy over the journal that Marie-Backer-something, they can't stand a little of me, the real me. I'm a sort of continued-when-she's-passed, of that consumptive young lady, only, of course, I never looked beautiful, painted anything, or made up my mind to draw everyone's attention to myself, although I'm bound to admit that I've sometimes put on my Sunday gowns with a good deal of—well, expectation. Expectation is a good, expressive word; if you're a man it isn't necessary.

Cuban Suffrage.

ON the first day of May will be held the first election in Cuba of a general character since the Spaniards relinquished the island. At that election each province will select delegates for a sort of local legislature or governing body. Each provincial government will be independent of the other, and responsible only to the general government as represented by Governor Wood and his civil cabinet. There will be no attempt as yet to organize an island Congress; for, as General Wood, says, "it is best to try the provincial form of Government first and see how that works. The matter of a general representative body can be considered later."

Apparently the most interesting political question to the Cubans at this time is the matter of suffrage. This will be finally decided in Washington, but the administration will undoubtedly follow the recommendations of Governor Wood, into whose hands has been given the responsibility of success or failure. Governor Wood has decided, and so states, that the voters will be included in three classes, to wit, those whose names are on the pay-roll of the Cuban army, those who can read and write, and those who can show two hundred and fifty dollars or more in real or personal property.

In default of definite returns from the census, General Wood estimates the population of Cuba to be between 1,200,000 and 1,400,000. Allowing one voter in five, this would be an average of 206,000 men of voting age. There are 40,000 men on the pay-rolls of the Cuban army. This leaves 220,000 to whom the educational and property qualification must be applied. Governor Wood believes that about 35 per cent. of these will be unable to qualify, thus leaving 143,000 voters, who, with the Cuban soldiers, make a total voting strength of about 180,000. At an election the actual vote turned out would probably not exceed 150,000 at the very most.

It has been predicted that if any attempt was made to limit the franchise, trouble would result from the disaffection of the disfranchised, but on reflection it is apparent that this is not likely. In the first place, all the men of fighting tendencies are on the rolls of the army and can vote. In the second place, those who did not enlist to fight, cannot read, or have no property are necessarily indifferent and without ambition, and many of them very low in the scale of humanity. This class includes many blacks not long from the Congo, Chinese and Chinese half-breeds, and, in fact,

nearly all of the most undesirable citizens, who are political nonentities, and who are without sufficient energy, intelligence, and ambition to make trouble.

If it is true that the percentage of illiteracy in Cuba is as high as seventy-five per cent., General Wood's estimate of a total voting strength would be reduced to less than a hundred thousand. It is on some such lines as these, however, that the first general election under American control will take place in Cuba. As the result of this election there will spring into form the first manifestation of Cuban home-rule under the new dispensation. There may be disturbances at the polls on the first election day. These will be but surface ebullitions, however; for while the Cubans are excitable and combative, they are in earnest in their attempt at self-government.—Harper's Weekly.

Origin of Wedding Customs.

THE first silver wedding dates back to the time of Hugh Capet. Two servants had grown grey in his service, a man and a woman, and what could he give them as a reward? Calling the woman, he said: "Your service is great, greater than this man's, whose service is great enough, for the woman always finds work harder than a man, and, therefore, I will give you a reward. At your age I know of none better than a dowry and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this time forth belongs to you. If this man who has worked with you five-and-twenty years is willing to marry you, then the husband is ready."

"Your Majesty," said the old servant, "how is it possible that we should marry, having already silver hairs?" "Then it shall be a silver wedding," and the King gave the couple silver enough to keep them in plenty. This soon became known all over France, and it became a fashion after twenty-five years of married life to celebrate a silver wedding. The practice of the wife's assuming the husband's name at marriage is a Roman custom. Julia married to Pompey became Julius of Pompey. In later times married women signed their names in the same manner, but omitted the "of." In Iceland the opposite has been the custom. There the husband assumes the wife's name, but even otherwise he would regard it as a cold world.

The wedding cake is the remains of a custom whereby a Roman bride held in her left hand three wheatears, and many centuries later an English bride wore a chaplet of wheat. The bridesmaids threw grains of corn or small bits of cake upon the heads of the newly-married, and the guests picked up the pieces and ate them. The wedding cake did not come into general use until the last century, and was then composed of solid blocks laid together, iced all over, so that when the outer crust was broken over the bride's head the cakes inside fell on the floor, and were distributed among the guests. Bridal favors are of Danish origin. The true lovers' knot was first designed by Danish hearts, and derived its designation from the Danish truelofa, "I plight my troth."

The throwing of the slipper comes from the custom of the father of the bride giving a shoe to the new husband in token of transference of power over her, the bridegroom lightly tapping the bride's head with it. The best man is a survivor of the band of friends who accompanied the suitor in his wife-winning, and kept watch for him over the bride's tribe, while the lover sought the opportunity to carry off his prize. The honeymoon journey is the hurried flight of the husband with his wife to escape the vengeance of the pursuing tribe. The presents given the bridesmaids are simply a relic of the rough bribery used by the ancient bridegroom among his personal friends so that they would assist in the capture of his chosen bride when the day arrived on which he had determined to carry her off.

In the fifteenth century a bride—if one of the aristocracy—often received twenty rings from her relatives and six from the bridegroom—two when he became interested in her, two for the espousal, and two when they were married. This was something like ringing the olla.

A Story of Carrington.

THE following characteristic story is told of Sir Frederick Carrington, who was at one time commanding the Bechuanas and Border Police. The Chief Linchwe, who is now in conflict with the Boers, had usurped some "water rights" in some pools belonging to a neighboring tribe. The matter was actively disputed, and some indiscriminate shooting ensued, so that British intervention became necessary to prevent what might become a serious tribal fight.

A message was consequently sent by Carrington to Linchwe, inviting him to attend an "indaba" on the disputed ground, in order that the matter might be amicably arranged. The chief, evidently thinking that this invitation showed some weakness on the part of the police, and being naturally of a quarrelsome nature, replied that if Carrington wanted a "talk" he must come to him, as it wasn't right that a great chief should go out of his way at the request of one who was only the servant of the Queen.

Carrington thereupon went to see the chief, armed only with a "sambok," and accompanied by a sergeant of police. Hobbling their horses at the foot of Linchwe's stronghold, a steep and rocky kopje on the bank of a river, they climbed up in the face of the assembled village to the chief's huts, situated on a promontory some 300 feet up, entered, pulled him out, and thrashed him in the presence of his warriors, returning to camp the same day un molested. The invitation being repeated on the following day, Linchwe accepted without any further bother, and the dispute was adjusted to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Who Is Vice-President?

THERE is no Vice-President of the United States. When Vice-President Hobart died, the office became vacant, and will remain so until March 4th, next year.

But the succession to the Presidency is carefully provided for. If President McKinley should die, the Secretary of State, whoever he may be, will, if eligible to the Presidency, at once qualify as President.

If for any reason the office of Secretary of State should be vacant in such an emergency, or its incumbent should be as yet unconfirmed by the Senate, or under impeachment, or not constitutionally eligible to election as President the succession was to pass to the Secretary of the Treasury, and so on through the Cabinet in an appointed order.

Prior to 1886, when the present law regulating the succession was passed, the President pro tempore of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives were next in order of succession to the Presidency.

The existing system is much the better of the two, inasmuch as the members of the Cabinet are always of the same party as the President, while the presiding officers of Congress frequently are of another party. It is no longer possible, as it used to be, for the party character of the administration to be changed by the death of the elected President and Vice-President.

His Excellency is following the good lead given by Her Most Gracious Majesty, and doing honor to the Emerald Isle, whose brave sons have fought so gallantly in South Africa. To-night, the feast of the great patron saint of Ireland, he is now, and has been, on Lord Methuen's staff since he arrived at the front.

Bulwer-Lytton is following the good lead given by Her Most Gracious Majesty, and doing honor to the Emerald Isle, whose brave sons have fought so gallantly in South Africa. To-night, the feast of the great patron saint of Ireland, he is now, and has been, on Lord Methuen's staff since he arrived at the front.

Bulwer-Lytton committed many crimes against taste in the decoration of his mansion at Knebworth. It is a beautiful house, but the novelist did his best to spoil it by false stucco ornaments externally in the way of gargoyles and quasi-gothic pinnacles. Time and the weather did not treat these ornaments with much respect, each frost bringing down in the life of his son ("Owen Meredith") some pinnacles which the father had deemed permanent. The poet was walking on the lawn one morning after a sharp night's frost, when the gardener came to tell him of the fall of another gargoyle with these words: "If you please, my lord, there is another of them — monkeys fallen down in the night."

Notes From the Capital.

ADY VICTORIA GREY left Ottawa on Friday last week, en route for New York, whence she sailed for Liverpool on Saturday. But before she left, she was the hostess at a grand farewell party at Government House, which all who were there maintain was the jolliest party given at the Vice-Regal mansion this winter. It was a skating and tobogganing party. The rinks and slides were decorated with Chinese lanterns, and excepting the bonfires, all the spectacular splendor of the larger parties was the same. There were not nearly so many people; in fact that is one reason of the pleasantness. The guests were limited to the particular friends of Lady Victoria, those who had entertained her, but as at one time during the winter no hostess considered the possibility of giving a luncheon party without at least asking Lady Victoria to be one of the guests, her particular friends were quite numerous, and, of course, she, like a wise entertainer, made sure that there were men enough for all. The party skated until midnight, the hills were left rather alone, then their Excellencies led the way into the house, where in the ball-room they and their guests sat down to a capital supper, served at small tables near enough together to allow of everybody joining in the fun which came with the speeches afterwards. There is a new portrait of Her Majesty hanging on the upper wall of the ball-room, and the sight of that picture was sufficient to arouse enthusiasm. His Excellency proposed "the Queen." Captain Graham is always expected to be funny, and appointed no one that night. Mr. Ritchie spoke. Lady Minto made a short speech; and in response to loud calls for a speech, Lady Victoria said a few words. The Marquis and Marchioness of Hertford were among the guests; it was the Marquis who proposed the health of Lady Victoria. They have been here a week, stopping at the Russell, and on several occasions during the week were the guests of their Excellencies at Government House, where, among other things given for them, there was a dinner last Saturday night. The Marquis is wonderfully like Lord Stanley, though he must be considerably younger—indeed, he looks younger, for his short, fair beard is only streaked with grey. Lady Hertford is a typical Englishwoman, and, strange to say, something in the style of Lady Stanley. She is devotedly attached to this boy of hers, Lord Edward Seymour, who has gone out with Strathcona's Horse. He is her third son; her eldest, as most people know, is Lord Yarmouth, who is playing with a theatrical company in the cities of the United States. There is not much money as an amateur, and thought he might as well turn his talent to some account. Lord and Lady Hertford came to Canada

Love Letters for Publication.

RECENTLY I have tried to read two or three series of love letters which have been printed in literary papers. They made me sick, not because they were so full of the superlative devotion of the lovers, nor because the gushing sentiments were clothed in superlatives, but because they seemed to have been written, if not with an idea of publication, at least with a view of seeing how prettily and effectively a honeyed phrase could be put.

A man is said to be really and truly in love, or else insane, when he recklessly writes all he feels and puts his name to it. We see this sort of love letter in reports of breach of promise cases, but not in biographies or a series of amatory epistles presented to the public on account of their literary style. It has always seemed to me that Mr. and Mrs. Brown-ing had "copy" in their minds when they were writing those endearing messages to one another, and the preparation of this sort of thing seems to me something like reckoning up the advantages one may get out of a death while pretending to mourn at the funeral. When a man or a woman sits down to write a love letter and takes so much pains with the phrasing of it, he or she must be calculating to a greater or less extent what effect it will have on the recipient of it, and might just as well study the physiological effects of a kiss and the psychological results of an amatory glance.

I imagine that carefully prepared love-makings should generally be looked upon with suspicion. Intensely selfish people, including criminals, get their greatest comfort out of self-pity, and exciting subjective results. Their victims seldom excite remorse, and the sorrows of the despoiled never bring a tear from those who are always willing to baffle or beset their own lot in life and find huge comfort out of the pity or admiration which they can excite for themselves. So, too, it seems to me, the lover who sits down and prepares a letter intended to make his sweetheart adore him most intensely, is a selfish, calculating fellow who has a greater capacity for being loved than for loving. His letter, however, is supposed to make the same impression on the public as it did upon the maiden who read it in her bower. It is a mistaken idea, for I am convinced that the majority of people skip love letters even when they are part of a novel and the novelist is doing the loving and suffering and writing for both the party of the first and second parts.

The woman who writes a love letter fit to be published is apt to be too cunning a bird to be caught by anything but self-interest. If she feels deeply she, as a rule, writes in a fragmentary and sometimes incoherent way, but if she is pumping up her passion and trying to make an impression on the public as it did upon the maiden who read it in her bower. It is a mistaken idea, for I am convinced that the majority of people skip love letters even when they are part of a novel and the novelist is doing the loving and suffering and writing for both the party of the first and second parts.

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Outside of the heart-genuineness of love letters which biographers or the writers of them present to the public, of what interest are they? No two lovers ever get the amatory truth in exactly the same way, and the fancy frills which occur to some are of no interest to others. There are a few phases of it which are common to all, such as "Do you really love me?" "I think of you all the time," "You can never understand how much I love you," "When you are away days seem like years," etc. These longings and doublings are doubtless symptoms of true love, but the varioloid types are so similar that they can hardly be detected except by experts. When the love letter branches out even into half-decent doggerel, or into descriptions of landscapes, sunrises, sunsets, the moon and stars, symptoms indicate either mild lunacy or a struggle for effect.

The poets who write sonnets and all sorts of clever things to Mary Blank and Alice J., need not be suspected of simply using their rhymes to please someone who has caught their eye; they are writing for the public, or rather for the publisher, who, it is hoped, will pay a fair price for a poetical picture of sentiment which almost invariably fails to find words of any kind to express it when an honest man is trying to describe the state of his mind to the woman he loves.

I write this, not because I am opposed to the lovingest kind of love letters, if people who see fit to write them confine their circulation to one subscriber, but as a suggestion to young authors and lovers who try to make salable "copy" or fetching material out of their tender whisperings, that there is little or no market for such stuff. Even in ordinary life I believe the strained and stilted letter to be a nuisance, even to those who are in the most advanced stage of love-sickness, and that the honest lover who is at his wits' end for words is more liable to be successful if he picks up an old school-day rhyme like "The rose is red, the violet's blue," "If you love me as I love you, no knife can cut our love in two," than if he bundles up a quire of half-baked and over-seasoned sweets.

DON.

A Novel Recreation.

Scene—A girl's sitting-room.

Nellie—"I am so tired of the house I don't know what to do; if I hadn't this horrid cold I would go out."

Carrie (yawning over a newspaper)—"If someone would only come in, or something would only happen, really papers get more depressing every day; nothing but this cruel war. I wish somebody would rob a bank, or run off with someone's wife for a change."

Eva—"Girls, wouldn't it be fun to write a novel. I came across this the other day and thought it would make a lovely plot, so clever; listen: 'A man loved a woman, but she laughed at him, then, through grief, he became ill, and was like to die in very despair of her love, whereas she touched her heart, and pity grew to love. When he came to know this, having now the love he had so yearned to possess, he rejoiced greatly and arose from his bed—and straightway began to love another woman.'"

Carrie—"Perfectly splendid and so true. The very image of a man. Let us all begin a story on it this afternoon, it will be something to do."

Nellie—"Yes, let us; but I don't see how I can, spelling is my weak point."

Eva—"Oh, that doesn't matter, it will sell all the better. People will know it is by someone they know; not just an ordinary writer."

Nellie—"Besides, to be a great success a book ought to be rather horrid, and I wouldn't write one of that kind for anything, even if I could."

Carrie—"I would; but what nonsense. Look at Kipling, Anthony Hope and crowds of others. We can write like them." (Goes over to a drawer in the writing-table, finds some large paper, distributes it and pencils. All quickly write plot as a heading.)

Eva—"I am calling my villain Philip."

Carrie—"Oh, my dear, you can't; that is my hero's name. My very own favorite name. If my hero isn't Philip I simply couldn't write."

Eva—"Philip sounds far more like a villain. My hero's name is Cyril."

Nellie—"Some girls' heroes are very like villains, but don't let us tell each other anything more, but just write and settle names and things afterwards."

(For a little while silence falls about them. There is much scribbling of pencils and nibbling of the same, with long looks into the fire and out of the windows for inspiration.)

Carrie—"What have you written so far, Nellie? Let us read what we have got."

Nellie—"Oh, mine is in the fire; didn't you see the blaze it made? I knew that was the only kind it ever would make, but you and Eva read yours."

Eva—"Very well; I borrow last."

Carrie—"Oh, please read yours first!"

Eva—"Well, Nellie dear, you read it for me." (Passes paper to Nellie, who puckers up her pretty brows and slowly begins to read.) "Hilda Cameron, gathering up her dirty skirts, skipped—"

Eva (almost in tears)—"Oh, Nellie, how could you? 'Dainty skirts' and 'stepped,' not 'skipped.' Perhaps I had better read it myself, it is such a scrawl." (Hurriedly secures her treasure and reads): "Hilda Cameron, gathering up her dainty skirts, stepped lightly into the skiff that was

to bear her to the Beauchamps' garden party lower down the river, her cousin, handsome Cyril Linden, at the oars. It was a perfect June day, though warm, with hardly one balmy breath of breeze to stir the leafy green trees, or would that 'green leaves of the trees,' or the 'leafy green of the trees,' be more correct?"

Nellie—"Well, never mind, go on; it sounds quite bookish."

Eva (looking pleased, continues)—"The sky was a beautiful bright blue, with only one or two light airy clouds floating hither and thither like fleeting fleecy clouds—"

Nellie is heard to murmur to herself, "Fleeting fleecy clouds, that sounds peculiar; whatever are they?"

Eva (reads on)—"The water sparkled and fell from Cyril's ears like diamond drops of dew, and all too soon their pretty barque arrived at its destination, where Cyril helped his fair companion to alight. As she gracefully ascended the green sloping lawn to join the gay groups scattered about in gala dress, we will try and picture her. Tall and very fair, with masses of golden hair, glorious eyes and complexion; dressed in a light grey grenadine gown over the palest shade of primrose silk, with accordion-pleated frills of white chiffon showing here and there; a white Dresden sash knotted skillfully about the slender waist, and last, but not least, a large gray straw hat to match trimmed with nothing but gray tulle and masses of natural-looking purple clover." That's all I have written. The dress took me some time to think out. Isn't it perfect? It is what I shall wear to the races on the 24th. Oh, I forgot the parasol and the plot."

Nellie—"I am going to wear blue if it is still in; but we are forgetting the stories. Yours is awfully good, Eva. Now, Carrie, read yours."

Carrie—"Eva's story will be sweet. Quite like the 'Duchess.' Now mine is an altogether different style; stronger, more like 'Ouida.' (Reads in a rather tragic voice.) "For Heaven's sake give me one ray of hope, Margot. I am willing to wait ages, if need be, for another answer. Surely in time my great and deep love for you must find some return, some reward. No, don't laugh. You know, ah! but do you, what you are to me, and I dare not think what life would be without you, darling. I cannot and will not think you are the cruel, cold and heartless flirt you would seem."

"No, you are really too kind, Mr. St. John." I have called my hero Philip St. John," (looking defiantly at Eva, reads on quickly.) "But even so I can give you no other answer than I have already given. And life to you, I fancy, will be pretty much the same as usual," and laughing lightly and mockingly, beautiful Margot Leslie rose from the low chair in the conservatory where she had been sitting and moved slowly in the direction of the ball-room. Philip was at her side in a moment and silently offered his arm, which she barely touched with her slender fingers as he passionately and reproachfully gazed down into her face with his beautiful deep-set eyes. That is all I have."

Nellie—"It is going to be perfectly thrilling. I see the plot already. If I were you I would—" (But her valuable advice is lost, for just then tea comes in and with it one or two visitors who have braved the rain.) BOB.

The Trials of a Guardian Angel.

IT was a lovely morning, and the Lazy Girl felt so good after her cold bath that she decided to walk down town. She was thinking of pleasant things as she opened the door, and her cheeks were pink, her eyes bright and her brow placid. She was going to enjoy that walk so much, and she had just started to weave a pleasant fancy in her clear head when "that woman" came along. "I can drop her at the car," thought the Lazy Girl, vaguely disappointed. But That Woman would not be dropped at the car. It looked as though she intended to walk down, so the Lazy Girl determined to take the car, and her fancies were being crowded into the back of her head! She was so cross, and That Woman had such a penetrating voice, such a horrid, little, bold-faced woman! The Lazy Girl wanted to kill something. And That Woman actually asked the infuriated Lazy Girl if she were going to pay carfare for them both. With a gasp of mingled anger and helplessness the Girl said no, and jammed her ticket into the conductor's box with a very shaky hand.

The Lazy Girl wriggled and kicked her feet impatiently while That Woman talked gossip and trivialities; the Girl wondered how any man could marry such a woman, and she didn't blame her children for dying or anything. And the pleasant fancies and the freshness of the morning effaced themselves.

The Girl's face was sullen and her thoughts bitter. Her guardian angel looked reproachfully at That Woman, but That Woman didn't take any notice. The Woman's guardian angel was the most draggled, disconsolate, woe-begone kind of angel imaginable, so the Lazy Girl thought, although she couldn't see angels very well. She was so very lazy, you know. She remembered then the letter she had received the day before. It made her smile a little, but her heart grew hotter than ever, and she wanted to strangle something. She took it out of her satchel and read it through:

"Dear Miss ——, I did not expect that a return for a kindness to the firm of —— would be a slight, unintentional, no doubt, but an unladylike act by yourself. I called to get the —— book, with which I favored your firm, and the treatment was, 'This man wants, etc.' I am but a man, still I hope worthy of being addressed as a gentleman. Several around in the office know me, and if they heard it, no doubt thought your conduct bad mannered. From what I know of your bringing up, I would expect to witness something different from such an ill-bred act. I am sure that I pass as a gentleman. Social references you can get, I think, from Mrs. D. ——. How would you like the sound of 'This woman wants,' etc., addressed to yourself? I do not think it was intended; but there is no harm to let you see yourself as others saw you. I certainly did not feel pleased to be addressed that way before persons who know me better than you seem to. I do not wish to discuss the affair with you, as there is no reason to do so."

"If you had known that my mother (——) knew of your Toronto relations over fifty years ago near our homestead (——) on Queen street, you would likely not have said, 'This man.' I meant no slight; it is just a piece of history."

"Yours truly, ——." She had laughed so heartily at that letter yesterday. She grieved maliciously at it to-day. Her thoughts were malevolent. She thought of sharp things to say in answer to it and chuckled at her own sarcasm. "I wonder if he would refer to the laundress as the wash-lady," she thought. "Would have been easier to have referred to him as 'this,' would not it? I'm sure Ishan't ever say 'this man' to anyone until I have ascertained the extent of his manhood. I like a man much better than a gentleman. Gentlemen are such cowardly bipeds, always afraid their gentleness will be overlooked. I would abolish the term and exterminate the species. I always hate people who are described as 'perfect gentlemen,' they are so tactless and idiotic and lacking in strength and symmetry. They never can achieve anything but poor manners." The Lazy Girl looked like a thunder cloud—and her face was pale, when a girl like a flower came into the car, such a pretty, slender girl. "Oh, my girl, my best girl," almost shouted the Lazy one, getting up to sit beside her friend. The guardian angels of both girls exchanged smiles and kisses.

"I have been having the greatest fun lately," smiled the radiant Lazy Girl, "although I felt as if I were poisoned till I saw you. You see that little red-faced woman over there, well—" the rest was whispered, but it was the story of a hold-up, then the nasty letter was produced, read and generally commented on.

"Did you ever hear of such nerve? I should get somebody to pound him," said the Flower Girl, belligerently. "Isn't it a funny letter, though? I showed it to everybody I knew in the office, and Mr. Merkins copied it, he thought it was such a good joke. And the man telephoned before he

The Bootjack of Farmer Huberauer.



sent it and found out my christian name, so as to make me sure it was meant for me."

"The girl that I referred him to when I called him 'this man,' says it wasn't said a bit rudely, only carelessly, and I don't mind a bit. I wish I could do it over again and get another nervy letter. I could never make anyone believe the writer was sane, though, which would be a pity, because you wouldn't expect anything else from a lunatic; only when it's from a real human being is it funny. Goodbye, dear. I'm so glad I saw you this morning. Honestly, I was nearly poisoned." The Lazy Girl was as blooming and happy as ever when she bounced into the office, and her guardian angel sighed and folded her wings softly.

DIABLE.

The Vanity of Sovereigns.

A RECENT paragraph in *Modern Society* which spoke of the sweet and playful manner in which the young Czar, Nicholas II, tries to remind his Imperial wife that it is her duty to dress sumptuously, forms a curious contrast to the despotic ways of another autocrat, Napoleon I., on the same question:

As a matter of fact, he made poor, lazy Josephine a perfect martyr. She hated stays, heavy stuffs, tight bands and everything which made her uncomfortable. Her dream of happiness was to wrap herself in a short "fourreau" of fine lawn covered with costly lace, but loose all round. She also loved to wear all through the day her little clapping sandals embroidered with gold and jewels, which she used to let slip and catch back again at each step. To have something heavy on her head was a martyrdom to her.

But Napoleon would not listen to what he called "caprices and grimaces," and his wife was not allowed to dress as she liked, not even in the country, where she had to wrap herself, by command, in the most precious Indian shawls, and walk about as majestically as she could in the alleys of her garden at Fontainebleau. She was also obliged to encircle her head, almost from the early morning, with a bandage of gold made more heavy still by rows of precious stones.

The creole was cunning, however, and she invented, for her own benefit, the short-waisted frocks which did not render tight stays obligatory, and the very low shoes only kept on the foot by cothurns in narrow ribbons. But the diadems, shawls, and velvet fabrics she could not avoid, though she often tried to escape them, and replace the rich stuffs by her favorite "gazillon," a flabby sort of batiste in pale shades covered with flowers embroidered in vivid colors. These dresses she enjoyed as a treat as soon as the Emperor had his back turned, but she never tried to be stubborn and wear them when he was in Paris, for more than once in the first years of their marriage Napoleon, having seen her from his window looking like a fairy with her light dress, had come down, and, with an amiable smile on his face, and apparently most unconcerned, had trodden upon the hem of the "gazillon," or torn it open from top to toe with the hilt of his sword or the head of his cane.

To the tears of Josephine he would answer, "Remember that you are an Empress, madame, and that your duty now is to look like a goddess, a queenly picture. This is what the people like; they would not care a fig for a Sovereign ballerina." He also greatly teased his second wife, Maria Louisa, who, though she had been accustomed to Court ways, was by nature of a very slovenly disposition, and, as a rule, liked simple things. She had once bought a parasol in the Vision of Ayrra. Study is not, however, concentrated in their good or bad looks, nor in their smart or slovenly appearance, but rather in the variety of ways in which this various stream of passers-by eye the "Scarlet Fever Here" placard, which will be worth framing as one of the latest achievements of this advanced age.

As an artist would say, the first scene from life worthy of mention to appear is the rather untidy mother pushing a carriage, out of which hang two dirty babies. Following closely come some more of the poor man's heritage—several children of different sizes. Alas, too late to cross the road, the mother with horror spies "the sign," and terror falls upon the hapless woman as do the fleecy flakes. But presence of mind fortunately does not desert her, no, not for a moment, and with much courage and a rush, the watchful mother carries the future heirs of the family (who cry with one accord, "Oh, mammy, look at that!") swiftly to the next corner. There she bids the dear things breathe once more, and then takes another breath herself.

By and by a little boy delivering circulars walks unconsciously up the steps, and, oh, horror, his elbow touches "the sign." With as much bravery as the aforesaid mother he makes a dive down again, and away up the street as though the notice itself was the chief source of contagion, calling to his chum across the street to "look, I touched it with my arm." Laughing heartily and sitting back, I think thou, too, art a brave boy.

A little later the play has another scene which shows, after all, two well how timid people really are upon scenting danger.

One of my old friends, I observe unperceived from my citadel, comes along and plucks up enough courage to "agitate the annunciator," or, in other words, to press the button.

"Well, how is Tim to-day?" "Better."

"That's good. No, I really haven't time to come in to-day: business, you know, business; I'm so sorry, so sorry. I'm really not afraid of it myself, you know; not at all, but—" He is gone, too, like a scared cat, unable to hold his breath conveniently any longer.

Curiosity, I think, will make a person bolder perhaps than anything else, for the next to pass is the curious young lady. She certainly, like the fly in the milk, is full of curiosity, for, being unable to satisfy herself to advantage from the sidewalk, she proceeds up the steps for a closer examination. "Just think," she says to her friend Annie, who stands back, "you'll be fined fifty dollars if you pull that sign down."

"Well, who's going to pull it down?" remarks irreverent Annie, and away they go.

The afternoon's performance closed with the baker's call.

"Well,

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Seale, Tuesday, May 1, 10 a.m.

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H. H. Meier, Thursday, March 22, 10 a.m.
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Anecdotal.

A Gordon Highlander, now in hospital, describes his experiences of a recent battle: "We didn't see a single blooming Boer, only felt their blooming bullets, and when the order was given to get under cover, the only cover I could find was a daisy!"

"I see," said the old statesman to Amos Cummings, "that you are having a fine time over Brigham H. Roberts of Utah. It reminds me of what happened when old Bill Hooper came to the House as a delegate from Utah Territory. Farnsworth of Illinois took a dash at him. Among other things he asked him how many wives Brigham Young had." The delegate grimly replied: "He has enough to let other people's wives alone."

A story illustrating the reticence of the Scots is credited to Ian MacLaren. A train was at a station, when a porter put his head into a carriage and called out: "Any one for Doun? Change for Doun! Any one for Doun?" No one moved, and in a few minutes the train was speeding along, not to stop again for nearly an hour. Then an old Scotswoman turned to a lady sitting near her and said: "I'm for Doun, but I'd no tell that man so."

As a child, Princess Mary, like most other Royal children, was not without a due sense of the dignity of her situation in life. On a friend pointing out to her that not only had she the love of her parents and her brother and sister, but that numerous advantages were at her feet, the result of her po-

sition, she replied, "Yes, I am Princess Mary Adelaide of Great Britain and Ireland, and," striking herself on the chest, "I feel it here."

In one of his farces, Glen McDonough had written two or three lines to be spoken by a chorus-girl. The lines were given to a green, heavy amateur, who looked well and would do. At the rehearsal the girl made her way to McDonough, who held the book, and said: "Mr. McDonough, I have a line in the first act and one in the third. Couldn't you write me one for the second act, too?" McDonough thought a minute, looked at the girl, and said: "Yes; in the banquet scene you enter and say, 'Here is the ham.'" "Oh, do I bring the ham on with me?" "No, my dear, it is not a speech, it is a confession."

A bland and patronizing New Yorker was passing through a raw and new hamlet in the West, which its proud founders had dubbed B. City, and were sure would soon become a thriving hive of human beings. Addressing a lank youth who was lounging at the door of one of the rude shanties that passed for a "shoe emporium," the New Yorker enquired sarcastically: "Who is that important-looking gentleman in the red flannel shirt?" "That's Sam Peters," was the proud reply. "He's just opened the new post-office." "And the tall person with no collar?" "He's Long Mike. Just opened a grocery store." "And the head?" "Handy Jim. Owns the new hotel." "Indeed?" said the New Yorker. "Your city seems to be pretty well started. I should suppose there was nothing left for a stranger like myself to open." "Oh, I dunno!" drawled the lanky one. "We ain't got no lunatic asylum yet. You might start that."

Whenever we think of Buller and his soldiers wandering up and down the Tugela, wondering how they are going to get across, we are reminded of an incident in our own civil war. The Bookman is unkind enough to say. A colonel of our regular army had reached a wide river which could not be forded. A bridge was necessary. So the troops went into camp, the engineers were ordered to prepare plans for a bridge and everyone sat down to wait. Presently a Maine volunteer regiment came swinging along and pitched its tents beside the other. The next day the Maine colonel visited the tent of the colonel of regulars who ranked him. "Well, Colonel," said the regular, "how are your men getting on?" "All comfortable?" "Oh, yes." "It's a beastly nuisance, this wait. You'll be glad to know, however, that the engineers will get their plans for the bridge finished this afternoon." "Oh," said the Maine man, a slight gleam coming into his eye. "Yes, I am glad the plans will be finished to-day. As for the bridge, though, our boys finished that last evening."

Very old persons and very young persons are apt to be great sticklers for etiquette. Queen Victoria is an example of the one, and Lord Beauchamp, the present British Governor of

the conventional mind, "la vie de Boheme" is another word for precarious means of livelihood, intermittent laundry baskets, and frayed collars, alternating with wild extravagance in the matter of feasting and reckless generosity in the matter of loans without security. The Bohemian (man) should be burdened with the artistic temperament and the predatory instinct. The Bohemian woman conventional minds refuse to consider. She is a person with whom they can have no concern, and in whom they can take no interest, unless, mayhap, they may be tempted to go slumming after her and convert her, or for her amusing traits to suffer her, as they slyly chuckle over the pages of Murret's Scenes, in their Paris phraseology. But as a citizen of Toronto, the lady Bohemian is not accepted as a subject of congenial interest by those whom we call conventional. In several tiny, stuffy rooms in this city are living women who make tea on a thirty-cent gas stove and keep their best hats in boxes under a lounge bed, who wash their "hankies" and dry them on the window-panes, who buy cooked things and baked meats for late luncheons eaten with a trunk and a clean towel for a table and a cloth. But if you called them delightfully Bohemian they would fire up in quick resentment, for they are not, will not, and could never be other than conventional in their hearts and souls, even while picking the bones of a pickled pig's foot in their fingers, and shying said bones through the ventilator to the prowling dogs or at the prowling cats of the neighborhood.

Circumstances over which they truly have no control, or they'd quickly change, have denied them their common-place, conventional, comfortable tea table and their service of prim

Next to turning over a new leaf, which indeed is sometimes a very absorbing if not lasting bit of work, comes the tearing out of a page, which one sometimes must do, though when the auditor comes, after the book is laid on the table, he won't pass that gap without a full account of what it was, and why it isn't. Who has not had to tear out a page? Maybe upon it was written the name of one dearly loved, and suffered, and finally renounced, either because to love was too much pain and bootless, or to suffer was neither wise nor just. There are limits, and sometimes we reach them. There is the last word to be said or written, and the page out! Pages are sometimes torn out unwisely, the gap is worse than the sight of what was written thereon, which indeed, if one blot often with love's tender touches while tears are wet on it, may sometimes be beautifully blurred and dimmed. And it's wonderful how wise and patient and kind an auditor can be with a page that has been blotted instead of torn out. The dear God knows what it means so well.

So many girls write these days longing to essay stage life, and the passion seems to dull them to a proper consideration of the pros and cons of the vocation. I should think if these girls had been within earshot of a tale just told me, they would know a "con"

Here is a chance to use your brains and win \$100.00 in Gold. We want you to try and arrange the 20 jumbled letters printed in the block square to the left, which properly arranged will spell the names of 3 Canadian Cities. In making the three names, the letters can only be used as many times as they appear, and no letter can be used which does not appear, and also every letter in the squares must be used in making the names. It's not the easiest puzzle in the world, but it can be solved. The person sending us a correct solution of the puzzle will receive \$100.00 in Gold. Should there be more than one, the \$100.00 will be equally divided among the first twenty sending in correct answers. Not only that, but everyone entering this Competition, will receive, **Absolutely Free, Five Great Novels** from our list. Read carefully the conditions of our Competition:—

1. Every answer must be sent by mail.

2. This advertisement must be enclosed in your letter.

3. If you are not already a subscriber to the "HOME MONTHLY," you must enclose in your letter 50 cents, which will entitle you to one year's subscription to our popular "MONTHLY" and the Five Great Novels. Remember you receive these Five Great Novels Absolutely Free, and if you send in a correct solution of the puzzle at once, have a chance to win the \$100.00 in Gold. These Great Novels by the most popular authors, are well printed, in clear type, on good paper and are attractively bound in colored covers. They alone are worth far more than the 50 cts. Competition will close April 30, and \$100 in Gold awarded in week later. Following is a list of Novels and Authors:

7. Lady Grace, by Mrs. Henry Wood. 48. The Red Hill Tragedy, by Mrs. Southworth.

8. Averil, by Rosa Nouvette Carey. 49. Aunt Diana, by Rosa Nouvette Carey.

12. The Black Tulip, by Alexander Dumas. 53. Grace Darnel, by Mrs. M. E. Brindon.

13. The Duchess, by "The Duchess." 54. Allan Quartermain, by H. Rider Haggard.

16. A Study in Scarlet, by A. Conan Doyle. 55. Allan Quartermain's Escape, by C. M. Braeme.

18. Lord Lush's Daughter, by C. M. Braeme. 57. Allan's Wife, by H. Rider Haggard.

21. A Scarlet Sin, by Florence Marryat. 58. The Sign of the Four, by A. Conan Doyle.

22. The Sea King, by Captain Marryat. 59. Pretty Miss Smith, by Florence Marryat.

24. Mr. Meeson's Will, by H. Rider Haggard. 60. Christie Johnson, by Charles Reade.

25. Jenny Harlowe, by W. Clark Russell. 61. A Dark Night's Work, by Mrs. Caskell.

27. The Squire's Darling, by C. M. Braeme. 62. The Risen Dead, by Florence Marryat.

29. The Wandering Heir, by Charles Reade. 63. Sweet is True Love, by "The Duchess."

36. A Trip to the Moon, by Jules Verne. 66. At Bay, by Mrs. Alexander.

38. A Little Rebel, by "The Duchess." 73. The Man in Black, by Stanley J. Weyman.

40. The Heiress of Hilldrop, by C. M. Braeme. 80. She'll the World to Me, by Hall Caine.

43. Meeting Her Fate, by Mrs. M. E. Braddon. 81. The Artist's Love, by Mrs. Southworth.

44. In Durance Vile, by "The Duchess." 88. Lord Lynne's Choice, by C. M. Braeme.

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china and immaculate damask. They sometimes spend golden moments in mourning over this, but philosophy is gaining strength, and women are learning that "to howl" is a bad verb to conjugate. They are conjugating "to ignore" instead. I have been finding out several such women lately and revealing the quite harmonious streak in my own nature, which abhors and shirks from the accepted significance of the term Bohemian to the conventional mind. Therefore, it was a real shock to me when a chance acquaintance said heartily, "You are, my dear Lady Gay, a true Bohemian!" I nearly died, and had to go over the fyle and read all my tax receipts, and dust the "petit salon" three times over before I recovered.

The true Bohemian leads the fullest, the most natural, the most healthy life, and the world does not get hold of him—or her; the truest Bohemian was the Pattern Man, whose life was not approved of, because misunderstood by the conventional critics of the time. There are 'prisoned' Bohemians on our judges' benches, in our parsons' pulpits, on the Louis XVI. fauteuils of many a smart salon, in the pews of many an orthodox church. It is the spirit of freedom, sympathy, brotherhood, kinship with and interest in every created thing which makes the true Bohemian. And especially he loves Mother Earth and her growing things. Talking of Bohemians, do you remember Murret's Rodolph, who, in the beginning of a paragraph, was living like a lord on his prize money from the lottery, and at the end was (for it was fine weather) "lodging in the Avenue Saint Cloud, in the third tree to the left, as you go out of the Bois de Boulogne, upon the fifth branch?" Do you remember it, and isn't it Murret's best "scene"?

wild extravagance in the matter of feasting and reckless generosity in the matter of loans without security. The Bohemian (man) should be burdened with the artistic temperament and the predatory instinct. The Bohemian woman conventional minds refuse to consider. She is a person with whom they can have no concern, and in whom they can take no interest, unless, mayhap, they may be tempted to go slumming after her and convert her, or for her amusing traits to suffer her, as they slyly chuckle over the pages of Murret's Scenes, in their Paris phraseology. But as a citizen of Toronto, the lady Bohemian is not accepted as a subject of congenial interest by those whom we call conventional. In several tiny, stuffy rooms in this city are living women who make tea on a thirty-cent gas stove and keep their best hats in boxes under a lounge bed, who wash their "hankies" and dry them on the window-panes, who buy cooked things and baked meats for late luncheons eaten with a trunk and a clean towel for a table and a cloth. But if you called them delightfully Bohemian they would fire up in quick resentment, for they are not, will not, and could never be other than conventional in their hearts and souls, even while picking the bones of a pickled pig's foot in their fingers, and shying said bones through the ventilator to the prowling dogs or at the prowling cats of the neighborhood.

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worth remembering. It is the tale of a stranded company of players, among whom were girls ambitious to be stars in the histrionic firmament. Of course, girls who write to me asking for advice would not ever be stranded! But even so; the story of these actresses and their flight and dismay, and their trunks held for board and their charitable friends who rescued them, would cause the most enthusiastic would-be Juliet to pause and consider. The treasurer ran away with the money, I am told, and certainly those girls never expected the horrible plight which awaited them any more than do you, Esmeralda, Juliet and Mona May, whose letters came to hand during this week.

LADY GAY.

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Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every physiographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules:

1. Graphical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances.

Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied.

The Ontario Society Exhibition.

To attempt to give any resume of the Annual Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, which would be sufficiently comprehensive to include a reference to all it contains, would be somewhat exhaustive, not to say exhausting. Besides, it is safer for the scribe to refrain, it is somewhat like criticizing the photograph of the baby in the presence of all the family relatives, and calls for diplomacy and delicate manipulation. Anyway, we have never yet been persuaded of the real necessity of pointing out to the general public the shortcomings and failures in any art exhibition here, more especially of local artists. We can conceive of no immediate good to be accomplished by so doing. It is an easy

the manifestations of higher and fuller life.

So, in accordance with our creed, we will point out a few excellent things. What a diversity of standards in judging a portrait! There is the pose, the subject, the view point of the artist, the technique, all to be considered in its make-up, and where is the community of educated artists agreed upon all these? We say educated, advisedly, because it is so easy for unthinking people, who never have difficulties, to agree on anything. Of the portrait of Mrs. Russel, by Miss Tully, however, we expect general appreciation. The grace and dignity of pose, and vitality as well, the essential refinement and aesthetic feeling of the subject, the versatile medium in which it is created—pastel, admitting of delicacy of handling and luminousness—all combine to make a subject which yields unceasing pleasure. Two other port-



ROSES, BY MRS. M. H. REID.

and cheap form of displaying the knowledge of the critic and brings him notoriety, agreeable to some critics. Besides, we are not quite sure that an ultimate standard of judgment has been agreed upon by all. In fact, we are quite sure that diversity of opinion is the special privilege of art people. Again, what we wish to remember is the excellent, the beautiful; we wish not to perpetuate the re-

raits by Miss Tully are also characteristic. My Father, by Miss Muntz, is an opposite in every sense, except in the truth of excellent technique. Almost a monochrome, it gives the feeling of strong harmonies of rich color. The suggestion of restrained energy is very forceful, and no one could doubt the naturalness of pose. Mrs. Coleman-Stuckert, by J. W. L. Forster, as a lady who has addressed many audiences, is also in a pose which, to her, is natural. The handling, technically, is in Mr. Forster's best manner, carefully and thoughtfully painted. The whole is an imposing figure, intended, probably, for large surroundings. Bright in effect, refined and original in treatment, and excellent in technique is "Blanche," by Miss Carlyle of Woodstock. About E. Wyly Grier's standing as a portrait painter we have no news to give. His work is well known and



MUSIC, BY G. A. REID

membrane of the ungainly, the trivial. We are in a growing age of art here, a stage of comparative immaturity, when any sign of life and of fuller development is agreeable and significant. We are not so much concerned about the discarded, or even retained, limitations or deformities, as we are about



STUDY OF A HEAD, PASTEL, BY MISS E. HEAVEN.

deservedly appreciated. In his portrait of Hon. Samuel H. Blake, Q.C., there is his usual faithful, efficient work. We would have to get accustomed, however, to the pose, we once saw a prize-fighter stand in just that posture, and we shivered at what the result would be if he suddenly "slugged" at us; but, of course, that was a prize-fighter, not a lawyer. There is a girl from California in the exhibition we would like to interest you in, but she appears hardly to have recovered from the fatigue of the long journey, and seems not to be interested in herself, so we won't disturb her.

A prominent feature of the whole is Miss Muntz's "The Widower and His Daughter," which bears the mark of

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

The eighteenth annual meeting of the shareholders of the Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada was held at the head office of the Company in Hamilton, on March 6, 1900. The managing director, David Dexter, presented the following reports and financial statement:

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

The directors have pleasure in submitting for the information and approval of the shareholders the following report of the business of the Company, together with a statement of receipts and disbursements for the year which closed on December 31, 1899, and of the assets and liabilities on that date.

New business aggregated of eighteen hundred and fifty-seven applications for insurance, aggregating \$2,630,700, of which seventeen hundred and ninety-five applications for \$2,497,900 were accepted; applications for \$44,800 having been rejected or held for further information.

Annuity premiums to the amount of \$4,003 were also received.

During the year, as in previous years, about 90 per cent. of the new business of the company was on its investment plans, showing that investment insurance still holds favor in comparison with other forms of investment—on which interest earnings are depreciating steadily. The feature of profit accumulations for a term of years is increasing in popularity.

The increasing prosperity of the country has extended its influence to life insurance, as indicated by the large increase in the premium income and assets of the company.

The gross income of the Company shows a gratifying increase over previous years, and the addition of \$104,377.30 to the assets is especially noticeable, the total assets having risen to \$1,060,660.80, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted to \$1,060,660.80, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, \$946,403.03—showing a surplus of \$723,257.77. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to policyholders was \$14,257.77.

Assurances for \$106,000, on forty-five lives, became claims through death, of which amount the company was re-insured for \$4,000. Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums \$21,400.52, with annuities \$2,572.07, the total payments to policyholders amounted to \$125,454.89.

As foreshadowed in last report, the securing of the special act of incorporation from the Parliament of Canada, has greatly increased our investments in the other provinces, much to the advantage of the company.

The investments of the company have been carefully managed, and have yielded results considerably above the average results of all companies doing business in Canada. Expenses have been kept within reasonable limits, while due effort has been made for new business. The chief officers and agents of the Company are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the Company's interest. The office staff have also proved faithful in the Company's service.

The accompanying certificate from the auditors vouches for the correctness of the statements submitted herewith. All accounts, securities and vouchers have been examined by them.

JAMES H. BEATTY.

President.

DAVID DEXTER.

Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company:

Gentlemen: We have made a careful audit of the books of your Company for the year ending December 31, 1899, and have certified to their correctness.

The securities have been inspected and compared with the ledger accounts and found to agree therewith.

The financial position of your company, as on December 31, is indicated by the accompanying statement.

Respectfully submitted,

H. S. STEPHENS.

SHERMAN L. TOWNSEND,

Auditors.

Hamilton, March 1, 1900.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT, 1899.

Premium Income \$ 398,366.55

Interest and rents 41,922.59

\$ 440,289.14

Paid to policyholders for death claims, endowments, surrender values and profits \$ 125,454.89

Expenses, taxes, dividends and re-insurance premiums 133,574.14

Balance 181,260.11

\$ 440,289.14

ASSETS 31st DECEMBER, 1899.

Debentures and bonds \$ 94,072.84

Mortgages 494,213.62

Loans secured by policy reserves 226,541.69

Cash in banks and other assets 245,532.65

\$ 1,060,660.80

LIABILITIES.

Reserve fund \$ 924,263.03

Claims unadjusted 22,140.00

Surplus 114,257.77

\$ 1,060,660.80

SURPLUS.

Guarantee capital 609,000.00

Surplus security \$ 1,669,660.80

Policies were issued assuring 2,497,900.00

\$ 11,847,070.43

Total assurance in force, \$ 11,847,070.43

The medical director, Dr. A. Woolverton, presented an interesting report, of which one of the most gratifying features to shareholders and policyholders alike was the item showing the death rate for the year to have been the lowest experienced by the company in the past ten years.

An excellent oil portrait of the president, James H. Beatty, by the well-known artist, J. W. L. Forster, was placed on the wall of the board room, as a token of the esteem in which Mr. Beatty is held by the directors and shareholders.

The retiring directors were re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting of the board Mr. Beatty was re-elected president, Lieut.-Col. Kerns, and T. H. Macpherson, M.P., vice-presidents.

tion. G. A. Reid's mural decoration, which we described in the R. C. Academy, is also a prominent and worthy object, and his "Man Reading," in pastel, is a charming study. A sweet pastel in profile by Miss Carlyle. Miss Hagarty's portrait panel will repay study, and Miss Heaven's studies in pastel are artistic in feeling and treatment. F. McGillivray Knowles' figures of Fisherwomen abound in delightful color and grace of line and movement.

There is, we think, a greater number of small landscapes, especially in water colors, which are more pictorial in effect, containing more feeling of "outdoorness," more pleasing color, than ever before. That the people appreciate these little bits of nature is shown by the fact that they buy them. Miss Spurr is specially successful in these; W. Robins, W. E. Atkinson, W. D. Blatchly, J. T. Rolph, W. Revell, R. F. Gagen, J. D. Kelly and F. H. Brigden have all pleasing bits. Carl Ahrens stands by himself in landscape, and though we are not able to interpret all he says, we are willing to believe he has something to say, and are prepared to think that the artist who can

from his inner consciousness evolve forms of beauty unfamiliar to us in nature, may be really superior to the artist who at best can only reproduce what his physical eyes see, even though he clothe it with his own individuality. George Chavignaud we are glad to welcome back. Essentially Dutch in atmosphere, in subdued color, in substantial treatment are his watercolors, evidencing great advance since his departure to Holland. St. Thomas Smith is more cloudy, more expressive than ever, more venturesome. Mrs. Ainslie Hime promises to be a figure in the Toronto art world. She yet reflects the art of her teacher considerably. A very nice thing, in fact several very nice things, are the scenes by C. M. Manly, Nos. 136, 138 and 137, particularly "The Harvest of the Sea" is quite a departure from the heather and showers we have seen so much of by Mr. Manly, and it is a most comfortable, enjoyable picture. F. M. Bell-Smith, also in his Dutch pastel, has quite a nice subject, nicely treated. R. F. Gagen's watercolors we also described in the Academy. His skies especially are clear and luminous. Clara E. Galbraith is

LABATT'S PORTER

Undoubtedly the best brewed on the continent. Proved to be so by Analyses of four Chemists, and by Awards of the World's Great Exhibitions, especially Chicago, 1893, where it received 96 points out of a hundred—much higher than any other Porter in United States or Canada.

SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S

Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

TRY THE

Toronto Brewing Co.'s

Diamond

Amber

India Pale

Extra Stout

Half and Half

Bottled from Stock Brewings and in Finest Condition

All Dealers and Hotels have them

PURE SPARKLING MELLOW WHOLESOME DELICIOUS

successfully in the out-door effect in her gardens and landscapes. Henry Martin's "Chateau Dieppe" is a suggestion of rugged dignity in charming and delicate color. Mrs. Reid's evening effect is also very enjoyable, as are her flowers. Mrs. Dignam also sends some pleasing roses and bluebells. O. P. Staples tries many subjects, and in all comes near to nature's heart. W. D. Blatchly has never had any more effective landscapes. The color is richer, the whole effect is stronger, more capable than any of his former efforts.

A large and influential gathering assembled in the Art Gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists on Thursday evening.



MRS. COLEMAN-STUCKERT, BY J. W. L. FORSTER.

day evening to discuss the proposed Art Museum Association. This is the first attempt to put into practical operation the theory long promulgated regarding an Art Museum. We trust a substantial, influential and enthusiastic organization may be the basis with which to commence the means toward the accomplishment of this desirable object. With such an organization an Art Gallery should not be an impossibility.

The committee in charge of the English exhibition of art at the Paris Exposition have invited, not only the present President of the Royal Canadian Academy to send an example of his work as representative of Canadian art, but also the Past-President, the late Lucius R. O'Brien, R.C.A. As one closely associated with the art organizations here, from their earliest date, whose life has been identified with the art life of the country, whose work was confined chiefly to the depicting of Canadian scenery, who was held in the highest esteem, particularly by all interested in art, and well known throughout Canada, Mr. O'Brien was in every way a typical Canadian artist, and worthy to represent Canadian art.

The Ontario Society of Artists held their annual meeting last Friday night, most of the members being present. The following officers were returned without opposition: Hon. President, Hon. G. W. Allan; President, G. A. Reid; Vice-President and Treasurer, C. M. Manly, Secretary, R. F. Gagen; Executive Council, F. McG. Knowles, Laura Muntz, R. F. Gagen, F. S. Chalmer, E. Wyly Grier, Gustav Hahn, F. M. Bell-Smith and W. D. Blatchly. Industrial Exhibition representatives, F. McG. Knowles and E. Wyly Grier; Auditors, Jas. S. Smith and C. E. Nourse. The pictures selected for the Provincial Art Gallery are No. 82, At

the Loom, by Sydney Strickland Tulley, and No. 55, Reading, by G. A. Reid. The following new members were elected: Miss Florence Carlyle, of Woodstock; H. Spiers, of Toronto; Mrs. Ainslie Hime, of Toronto; Geo. Chavignaud, of Toronto.

Mr. George Chavignaud has an exhibition of his latest work on view at his studio, 43 Adelaide street, room number six. This is the only collection of his paintings of recent years that has yet been made.

The Rosedale League of School Art has been the auspices under which many worthy lectures have been given to the public. The last, by Prof. Alexander, on that phenomenon the "Modern Novel," was as might be expected, of the highest literary order. On Saturday, the 17th, the Rev. Alex. Macmillan, who has lately been accepted as a reliable expounder of Sir Walter Scott's literary doings, and who has been closely identified with the land of the heather, will give a lecture upon The Highlands in the Literature of Sir Walter Scott. On the 20th the Rose Avenue League give an At Home in the Normal School, an event which promises to be of interest to many.

JEAN GRANT.

The Fletcher Case.

A Petrolea Lady Vanquishes a Stubborn and Persistent Enemy.

She Was For Months a Martyr to Inflammatory Rheumatism—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her.

Porte, March 12.—No lady resident in this town is more widely known, and more highly esteemed for her many good qualities, than is Mrs. A. Fletcher, of the Fletcher House. Throughout the adjacent country district also, she has a very wide acquaintance. All who know this estimable lady, know that for months past, she has been a ceaseless sufferer from Inflammatory Rheumatism. So severe did the disease become that her finger joints and fingers were so terribly swollen that she could not bend them. She was unable to get downstairs without assistance, and every impending change of weather brought her the most indescribable agony.

Many remedies were used, in efforts to effect a cure. Different medical men were called in to attend her, but all failed dismally.

At length Mrs. Fletcher, having read of Dodd's Kidney Pills, decided to give them a trial—as a final effort. She did so and the only possible result followed. The first dose soothed her awful pain. Every succeeding dose did more and more good, and five boxes left her a sound and healthy woman. Not a vestige of her old disease remains.

Rheumatism has no terrors, when Dodd's Kidney Pills are used. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism (and all other Kidney Diseases) just as certainly, easily, quickly and naturally as a drink of water cures thirst.

Music.

THE Massey Hall concert on Monday night, postponed from the previous Thursday week, proved somewhat in the nature of a disappointment.

The fates once more conspired against the manager, for although all the artists announced appeared, Mlle. Trebelli, the favorite singer, was not in good voice, owing to a cold. The performance did not begin till twenty-five minutes to nine, and the programme for the most part consisted of purely bravura pieces, or light genre compositions. Even the novelty of the concert, a trio by Tschaikowski for piano, violin and 'cello, was in the trite form of an air with variations, although the work is interesting and musicianly. In consequence of Mlle. Trebelli's indisposition her first number, the prayer from *The Spectre Bride*, was marred throughout by faulty intonation, while the quality of tone produced was not always irreproachable. Bizet's *Tarantelle*, her second number, is too much like an instrumental piece to suit me personally, notwithstanding the vocalist's undeniably clever treatment of it. M. Petschnikoff, the violinist, who made his second appearance on this occasion before a Toronto audience, played *Vieuxtemps' Fantasia Appassionata*, to which one finds the objection that it is too much of a "fiddling" piece, abounding in passages of transcendental difficulty, but of small interest, and the effect of which is always hazardous and doubtful. There is a beautiful little melody introduced about the middle of the composition, but there is no attempt at development of its theme. M. Petschnikoff gave two smaller numbers later in the evening. His playing fully confirmed the favorable impression he made on his first visit. He has wondrous facility of execution and a varied command of bowing. In the rendering of pure melody, he shows a delicate and refined sentiment, and that mastery of the veiled soft tone of the instrument which we find in most violinists of the Franco-Belgian school. To my mind there was still something lacking in breadth of tone, but as I have remarked before, the Massey Hall when crowded is not an ideal place to favor the sonority of a violin. M. La chaume, the pianist, who is a frequent visitor to this city, gave the Chopin Scherzo, and second Polonaise, both of which he rendered with brilliancy and artistic insight. Everybody was delighted with Mlle. Elsa Ruegger, solo violinist, both as regards her playing in the trio, and in her solos. She gave an exalted rendering of Bach's beautiful air, familiar to most of the audience by its frequent performance on the violin in the shape of Wilhelmj's arrangement for the G string. Mlle. Ruegger has a wonderfully steady bow, as was shown by the unswerving tone—pure and even—she obtained in the long sustained notes of this melody. Another artistic effort was her playing of Saint-Saëns' "Le Cygne," which could hardly have been interpreted with more legitimate expression. As to her technique, she proved that it was abundant, by her easy manipulation of the Popper Tarantelle and her mastery of the variations in the trio. The next concert of the course is announced for the 26th, on which occasion the supreme attraction will be the youthful genius of the piano. Mark Hambourg.

Mr. Frank Austin, a talented pupil of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, played recently at concert in Lindsay and won a great success by his brilliant performance and musicianly rendering. His programme included compositions by Beethoven, Schumann, Scarlatti and Brahms. His principal number was the *Sonata Pathétique*, his playing of which aroused much enthusiasm.

I notice that Mr. Tripp himself has been adding to his reputation lately in several recitals in towns and cities in other parts of the province. He has even extended his tour across the border, and, judging by the press notices he has received, his success has been very gratifying.

At the meeting of the Festival Chorus on Tuesday night, Mr. Torrington commenced the rehearsal of Mr. C. A. E. Harris' dramatic cantata *Torquil*, which is to be produced this season in Toronto for the benefit of the Patriotic Fund. The work is scored for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, and is said to be striking and effective. The chorus is also well advanced in the preparation of *Israel in Egypt*, which Mr. Torrington intends to give this spring.

The widespread interest that was created in the piano recital given by the great Russian pianist, Mr. Arthur Friedheim, in Association Hall in October last, will cause an increased number to welcome his return to Toronto on Thursday next, 22nd inst. This will be the last opportunity to hear this great artist, as at an early date he leaves for Rome. It is safe to say that no pianist has visited Toronto within recent years who has been received with greater appreciation than Friedheim. The musical critics have been unanimous in their praises of his playing. The Mail said: "Dignity and delicacy are exhibited in him to a very



FRIEDHEIM.

high degree; there is a solidity and a high musically quality about his work that makes him the model, par excellence, for the student. He has not the sentimentalism of a Sauer, or the jocular dexterity of a Rosenthal, but with him more than with any pianist one can recall the personality of the performer is sunk in that of the composer. It is of the composer that one thinks when listening to him, such is his mastery of pure expression." If space allowed we might quote from our own columns and from the *Globe* and other dailies. The programme that is being prepared for Thursday next is said to be one of unusual interest. It will charm the enthusiastic musician, and will be a delight to those who are not professional musicians. It will be a programme for the artist and a programme for the people. Subscription lists are opened at Tyrrell's book store, 8 King street west, and the box plan will be opened early next week. Tickets are at popular prices, as will be seen by the advertisement in these columns.

Mr. Philip Hale, the Boston critic, makes a strong plea for the increased cultivation and use of the saxophone. He says: "I do not understand why this strangely beautiful instrument is so neglected by modern composers for orchestra." Halevy, Meyerbeer, Thomas and others knew the advantages to be derived from it for stage works; Bizet's employment of it in a most striking page of *L'Arlesienne* is familiar; but it is surprising that the saxophone is not used more often by orchestral colorists. It is difficult to describe exactly the haunting voice of this instrument. The treatise maker says: "It has a voice rich and penetrating, the rather veiled quality of which partakes at once of the 'cello, the cor anglais and the clarinet, but with a more intense sonority." It has this, but it has more than this. If Halevy called upon four saxophones to add to the anguish and despair of humanity on the last great day, so Bizet used it to express gentle melancholy, inexpressible sadness. Resignation, hopelessness, grief, that which is ghostly, the remembrance of happy days in present stress of sorrow, the odor of leaves in the late autumn, the room in order awaiting the guest that has gone forever—what instrument is more suggestive to the hearer of sentiment or imagination?"

Mr. Hale's imagery is somewhat fanciful, but, making allowance for his poetic enthusiasm, there is a good deal of truth in what he says. My own idea is that the reason why composers write so seldom for the saxophone as an orchestral instrument is the difficulty of securing effective perform-

ers on the instrument. Composers have often to be governed by the local supply of particular instrumentalists in making their scores. Few composers write now for the trumpets, because there are so few masters of the instrument, while the cornet is universal. The caprice of fashion sometimes removes difficulty in this respect. Some twenty or thirty years ago it was almost out of the question to get a mandolinist to play the accompaniment to the Serenade in *Don Giovanni*, and the part was usually played pizzicato on the violin. Now one could find a few dozen mandolinists in Toronto available for the purpose.

Musical people who contemplate taking a trip to England this year may make a note of the fact that the opera season in London will open on May 14, and will extend to July 30. The list of leading artists includes Melba, Suzanne Adams, Edith Walker, from Vienna, MM. Salze, Plancon, Edouard de Reszke, de Lucia, Herr Strauss, and Mesdames Ternina and Schumann-Heink. Mme. Calve has only conditionally promised to appear. Early in June there will be two cycles of *The Ring*, at which Herr Mott will conduct.

A new addition to the vocal patriotic literature of the day is "Sons of the Empire," words and music by Charles R. Palmer, published by Whaley, Royce & Co., 158 Yonge street. Both words and music are brisk and stirring, while the latter has the catchy quality of easy swing, which should secure popularity. The title page is handsomely illustrated in colors.

The choir of Westminster Presbyterian Church, under the leadership of Mr. E. J. Lye, will give a service of praise on Thursday evening, March 22. The assisting artists will be Mrs. MacKellar, of Hamilton, Mrs. B. Drechsler Adamson and Mr. Rechab Tandy.

A popular hymn tune in England is The Church's One Foundation, by the Rev. J. S. Stone, rector of All Hallows Church, London Wall. A story is told about this hymn concerning the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, visiting in his official capacity a certain parish, was entertained at luncheon by the incumbent, who asked: "May I give your Grace a little cold chicken?" The Archbishop replied decisively, "No, you mayn't. Wherever I go they sing to me The Church's One Foundation and want me to eat cold chicken. I hate them both!"

Miss Theresa Flanagan, Toronto's well-known soprano, recently sang in North Bay, and judging from the following article, taken from the *North Bay Advocate* of the 8th inst., met with the greatest success: "North Bay has been visited by some good singers, but we must admit that few have been given a more enthusiastic reception or been listened to with more appreciation than Miss Theresa Flanagan. In her stage deportment she showed herself to be a lady, and as for her voice, we cannot say too much. She was forced to respond to calls of encores repeatedly, and in the rendition of the various numbers on the programme showed marked evidence of the highest vocal training and culture. We bespeak for Miss Flanagan a high place among Canada's leading sopranos, and can assure her of a royal welcome to North Bay again, should we be so favored."

A new opera entitled "Il Trillo del Diavolo," by Maestro Faelchi, was recently produced in Venice, at the La Venice Theater. It is reported to have won pronounced success. Numbers which are said to have made a popular hit are a love duet, and a concerted movement for violin, organ and chorus. The composer was recalled a dozen times. The title was, no doubt, suggested by Tartini's celebrated sonata of the same name.

At the University of Trinity College last Saturday Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Bac., Oxon., and professor of harmony at the Conservatory of Music, delivered an instructive lecture on The Early Piano. Mr. Anger illustrated his remarks by the exhibition of a piano made by Christopher Ganer of Soho, London, in 1782. This instrument, which Mr. Anger procured while on tour in England in 1898, is probably a converted clavichord. The wires are struck by hammers, thus establishing its claim to be a piano, and in lieu of pedals the pedals are operated by stop knobs inside the case, one of which acts on the dampers. The case is a substantial piece of work, being of solid San Domingo mahogany, a valuable wood, which is now not to be found, while the inlaid work, of which there is more than thirty feet, consists of a pattern of satinwood and ebony in alternate diagonals set in between double lines of amaranth and satinwood. The name is inscribed on the plate in hand-decorated penmanship. The instrument was put, on arrival in Toronto, in thorough order by Messrs. Heintzman & Co., and Mr. Anger, to show its qualities, played on it several old compositions by Martini, Corelli, Clementi and Handel. The tone is, of course, small, but sweet. Mr. Anger gave an historical account of the precursors of the piano forte, the spinet, clavichord and harpsichord, and traced their progressive development up to the evolution of the modern concert grand. He noticed incidentally that the period from its birth to its arrival at maturity coincided almost exactly with the life time of Beethoven, from 1770 to 1827, the generally acknowledged greatest musical genius that the world has ever seen, and called attention to the fact that Beethoven had a wonderful influence on the de-

velopment of piano forte music. A sketch was given of the pioneers in the art of piano building, from Cristofori to Broadwood, and in passing the lecturer gave an explanation of the stringed instruments of the Hebrews mentioned in the Bible. The lecture covered a good deal of ground, but was listened to with evident interest by the large audience.

It is announced that the programme Friedheim, the great Russian pianist, is preparing for his recital in Association Hall, Thursday, March 22, will be one of exceptional interest. It will give him an opportunity to exhibit his talents as a pianist and will appeal to the most cultured musical critics. There will also be a strain of the popular, making the programme one that will interest a still larger section of the community. The mission that takes Friedheim to Rome is a compliment to his high musical talents.

The pupils of Mr. T. C. Jeffers, vocal and piano—gave a recital in the lecture-room of the Central Methodist church on Monday evening, which was attended by a large audience and proved very interesting, as illustrating the progress made by the students. The pianists were the Misses Thompson, Muirhead, Allen and Williamson, all of whom showed decided talent and careful training. Miss Miriam Thompson played the Second Rhapsody of Liszt and the Valse in E Major of Moszkowski with surprising ease and certainty. The vocalists were the Misses Peake, Pew and Fielding, and were assisted by Mrs. Ida McLean Dilworth, our well-known concert vocalist. In addition to their solos the young ladies took part in two quartettes for women's voices, and were repeated after each. The singing was very creditable, good voices and intelligent interpretation being well in evidence.

CHERUBINO.

Are You Deaf?

Do you hear that buzzing, roaring sound in your ears? Catarrh is the cause. Japanese Catarrh Cure stops these noises and restores your hearing. It permanently cures Catarrh wherever located.

Hearing Restored After Specialists Failed.

Mr. D. N. Spencer, 11 Coolmine avenue, Toronto, writes: "I have been troubled with catarrh and deafness for a number of years, finally I could not converse with any person at any distance. I spent much money on advertised remedies, and doctored with specialists in Toronto and Winnipeg (while there three years ago), but my hearing became no better. About a year ago I procured a sample of Japanese Catarrh Cure. I afterwards followed up this treatment as directed, and shortly I found my hearing completely returned, and my catarrh does not trouble me now in the least. I can conscientiously recommend it."

Japanese Catarrh Cure is a volatile pomade that reaches, soothes, and heals every catarrhal diseased portion of the mucous membrane. A free sample and book on catarrh and deafness mailed free. Enclose five-cent stamp. Address, The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Limited, Toronto. Sold by all druggists, 50 cents, 6 for \$2.50, or mailed on receipt of price.

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You control the slightest change of expression and tempo. You play just what you want to hear and when you want to hear it. You are independent of everyone.

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TORONTO



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Don't think it's economy to neglect the appearance of your clothing.

Don't fail to read our daily ad.

Don't pay fancy prices. You can buy the best here at reasonable prices.

Our new Spring Over-coats are ready.

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Prices \$8.50, \$10, \$12, \$14.

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Boys' sizes, too.

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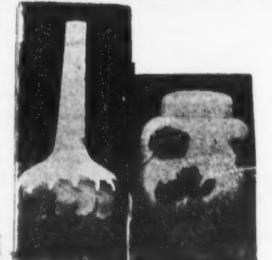


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TORONTO

Social and Personal.

Mrs. and Miss Cruso, of Cobourg, were in town on a visit last week. Miss Ella Pierce, of Kingston, a visitor of her sister, Mrs. Kenneth Dunstan, has returned home. Miss "Charlie" Jarvis, of Buffalo, has been visiting friends in town and has with her a charming Buffalo friend, Miss Culbertson; Miss Playfair, of Isabella street, is their hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolland-Hills have gone to Clifton Springs for the benefit of Mr. Rolland-Hills' health.

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The Premier and Mrs. Ross gave a very delightful dinner last Thursday night in honor of Hon. J. R. Stratton and Mrs. Stratton. Covers were laid for fourteen.

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Friedheim's Programme.

We are privileged in having handed to us just as we go to press the special and remarkably interesting programme that Arthur Friedheim, the Russian pianist, has prepared for his final recital in Association Hall on Thursday next, the 22nd inst. Students of music, as well as the popular lover of good music, though not a professional, will, we believe, appreciate the attractiveness of the treat before them. This is the programme: (1)—Liszt, ballad in B minor; Beethoven, Sonata in F minor, op. 57, (appassionata). (2), Weber, Perpetuum Mobile; Chopin, Etude in A flat (No. 3 of Trois Nouvelles Etudes); Chopin, Impromptu, in A flat; Chopin, Mazurka, B minor; Chopin, Etude in G sharp minor (double thirds); Chopin, Valse, in C sharp minor. (3), Liszt, Legend, Francois de Paule Marchant Zur les Plots, Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 12.

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